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## CONTENTS.

I. A PLEA FOR THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	67
II. HOW WE GOT AWAY FROM NAPLES. A Story of the Time of King Bomba, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	73
III. THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH. Letters addressed by John Ruskin, D.C.L., to the Church, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	81
IV. THE CURATE OF ST. MATTHEW'S, . . .	<i>Argosy</i> , . . .	89
V. LIFE IN BRITTANY, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	99
VI. EDWARD AND CATHERINE STANLEY, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . .	112
VII. A SILESIAN COUNTRY HOUSE, . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . .	118
VIII. THE CRIMINAL CODE OF THE JEWS. Part IV., . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . .	121
IX. TEACHING GRANDMOTHER, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	126
X. GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	127

## POETRY.

A FOLDED LEAF, . . . . .	66	A LOVE-SONG, . . . . .	66
IN ARCADIA, . . . . .	66	TEACHING GRANDMOTHER, . . . . .	126
MORT D'ARTHUR, . . . . .	66	GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING, . . . . .	127

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## A FOLDED LEAF.

A FOLDED page, old, stained, and blurred,  
I found within your book last night.  
I did not read the dim dark word  
I saw in the slow-waning light;  
So put it back, and left it there,  
As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf  
That in Time's book of long ago  
We leave: a half-relief  
Falls on us when we hide it so.  
We fold it down, then turn away,  
And who may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child; nor you, my wife,  
Who sit beside my study chair;  
For all have something in their life  
That they, and they alone, may bear—  
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,  
A something bought they did not win.

My folded leaf! how blue eyes gleam  
And blot the dark-brown eyes I see;  
And golden curls at evening beam  
Above the black locks at my knee!  
Ah me! that leaf is folded down,  
And aye for me the locks are brown.

And yet I love them who sit by,  
My best and dearest—dearest *now*.  
They may not know for what I sigh,  
What brings the shadow on my brow.  
Ghosts at the best; so let them be,  
Nor come between my life and me.

They only rise at twilight hour;  
So light the lamp, and close the blind.  
Small perfume lingers in the flower  
That sleeps that folded page behind.  
So let it ever folded lie;  
'Twill be unfolded when I die.  
Chambers' Journal. J. E. PANTON.

## IN ARCADIA.

DREAMY-SOFT thy lay and tender,  
Exile in Australian wild;  
Happy thou, with power to render  
Ditties that might soothe a child.

But, oh, touch not strain that's bolder—  
Strain that echoed o'er the hills  
Of your native land, when older  
Days were free from modern ills!

Play for rude content and pleasure;  
Waken not the thoughts untold:  
Let the memory hold the measure  
Dimly of the songs of old.

Hark, the bell-bird, sudden sounding,  
Fills the pauses of the strain;  
And the wayward heart goes bounding,  
Hearing village bells again!

Still the sheep are resting yonder,  
All the land is softly fair;  
It needs but Pan, with sudden wonder,  
To appear, with pan-pipes there.

Alas! but Pan is dead, and only  
Exiled shepherds chant the strain;  
Pipe to pass the day so lonely,  
Daring not some songs again.  
Good Words. E. CONDER GRAY.

## MORT D'ARTHUR.

THREE queens were with him when he died,  
Two stanch'd the death-wound in his side;  
But *one*, more lovely than the rest,  
Pillowed his head upon her breast.

Was this the shade of Guinevere,  
Did her sweet voice fall on his ear,  
Did her sweet lips of rarest mould  
Press the king's hand that grew so cold?

Alas! it was not Guinevere,  
England's fair mistress was not near;  
The noblest woman of her race  
In Almesbury had veiled her face.

Perchance this young queen was Elaine,  
By Launcelot's desertion slain,  
Who long had dwelt in Paradise,  
But came to close King Arthur's eyes.

'Twas thus that England's monarch died,  
Three queens were with him at his side,  
But Guinevere, fair Guinevere,  
Came not to weep above his bier.

H. W. D.

## A LOVE-SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH  
HEINE.

LIKE sapphires are those eyes of thine,  
Thou loveliest, thou sweetest;  
And oh! thrice happy is the man,  
Whom with true love thou greetest.

Thy heart, it is a diamond,  
A beauteous light it showeth,  
And oh! thrice happy is the man,  
For whom with love it gloweth.

Like rubies are those lips of thine,  
So perfect in their moulding;  
And oh! thrice happy is the man,  
Who's blest with their beholding.

Oh, could I find that happy man,  
As he his pathway wended,  
Some day, alone, through the green wood  
His bliss would soon be ended!

ANONYMOUS.

From The Nineteenth Century.

## A PLEA FOR THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MR. LECKY, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," censures the reigns of the first two Georges for the withdrawal of government patronage from literature. Among other instances he gives of the cold shade under which men of letters were allowed to languish, is Tobias Smollett. "Smollett," lamented Mr. Lecky, "was compelled to degrade his noble genius to unworthy political libels, and, at last, after a life which was one long struggle for bread, died in utter poverty in a foreign land." Our age has to blame Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle for the works their neglect compelled Smollett to undertake even more than for the possible "Peregrine Pickles" and "Roderick Randoms" it has lost us. To Smollett's "Continuation of Hume," and the book trade which tyrannically forced it upon several much-enduring generations of readers, must be imputed the extraordinary superstition that the eighteenth century is the most level and monotonous tract of English history. Students of morals, of theology, of politics, of the belles-lettres know what a delusion this is; but men generally, even when they are readers, are very far from students. It would seem to most persons a paradox, but it would be simple truth, to say that the eighteenth century would be the best period from which to begin the study of the history of England. The real difficulty is that the century is too rich in phases, and that no sooner is attention concentrated on one problem of which the age promises a solution than another and yet another present themselves. Yet this is the century which a multitude of people would pronounce barren. The reigns are supposed to be without human interest which saw to their close the careers of Bolingbroke and Chatham, which had moralists like Butler and Johnson, preachers like Whitefield, an economist like Adam Smith, metaphysicians like Hume and Berkeley, jurists like Hardwicke and Mansfield, a musician like Handel, an actor like Garrick, poets in verse or prose, or both, like Sterne and

Goldsmith, novelists like Richardson, and Fielding, and Smollett, a historian like Gibbon, a satirist like Swift, a leader of society like Chesterfield, and an administrator like Walpole. So far from being monotonous, never was there an age fuller of variety and contrasts. Jacobitism and sneers at the divine right, deism and the theology of the October Club, face each other elsewhere than in the character of St. John; the Church rears at once a Warburton and a Wesley. Parliament acknowledges the sovereignty, now of a Walpole, now of a Pitt. Country gentlemen believe that absolution by an Episcopalian is essential to salvation, and the immortality of the soul dependent on the intervention of a bishop, yet expect their chaplains to rise with the entrance of the pastry, and to marry their wives' waiting-maids, or worse; passive obedience is taught as an article of faith, but the heir of the king *de jure* marches through England and gathers scarcely a recruit to his standard; women are whipped at the cart-tail, or publicly burnt to death by the executioner, and Pope is the poet of society. We may be well satisfied that our lives are set in smoother places than an age which shot Byng for an error of judgment, and connived for a dozen years at the wholesale purchase by a minister of Parliamentary votes, which sat by turns at the feet of Hume and of Wesley, believing now in evil spirits, and now in no spirit at all; in which young gentlemen thought it a merry jest to bore out the eyes of quiet wayfarers with their fingers, and wrecking was a vocation; but the period, at all events, cannot be supposed tame and unrelieved by incident, except by those who survey it at such a distance that it becomes a catalogue of names.

The interest of the eighteenth century has suffered in comparison with other periods of English history, partly because it presents none of those epochs which belong to constitutional history in the making, and yet more that its life is so complex, and has so many centres of interest as to appear a confused maze to casual observers. Not merely does the array of Catholicism against Protestant-

ism lend unity to the reign of Elizabeth, but even its literature has a oneness of its own, which makes Marlowe throw light on Shakespeare, and the prose of Bacon enable us to measure the stately rhythm of Ben Jonson's verse. The battle of privilege against prerogative is the keynote to the reign of the first Charles. The dreary degradation of England under his son has its special interest too, that we hear through its hollowness the arming of the nation for the last and triumphant vindication of its liberties. England had happily no such mortal combats to wage in the eighteenth century. Anne respected the Constitution, and the Georges had neither the power nor the will to assail it. Abroad hopes were cherished of restoring the Stuarts, but the foreign powers which adopted their cause used them as a mere wheel in a complicated machinery which was designed with a view much more to Continental than to English politics. Readers look upon even the brilliant campaigns of Marlborough with something of the same disgust at their supposed futility from an English point of view as did Harley and St. John. The alliances in the next two reigns with or against France, and with or against Austria, seem to most Englishmen now, as they did to most Englishmen at the times they were contracted, simple devices for wasting English money for the benefit of Dutchmen or Hanoverians. The Septennial Act appears no more than a temporary device for preventing the election of a Tory House of Commons, and Excise Bills, Toleration Acts, and Marriage Acts, show like measures of parochial legislation by the side of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts of the previous century.

But it is not only that in the eighteenth century the English Constitution has reached the harbor, and the excitement as well as the terror of the tempest is matter of the past; the century as a century, loses in historical interest far more from having so many different points of interest that every one can pick out what he chooses and leave the rest as lumber. The student of the art of war has in the career of Marlborough and Frederick the

Great a vein he can work without concerning himself with the tortuous intrigues of Harley, or the place-mongering of Newcastle and Bute. The metaphysician can pit the theologians in whom Queen Caroline delighted against each other, without bestowing a thought on the miracles of political management by which Walpole was converting a nation with a majority of its population still loyal to the cause of the Pretender, old or young, into the most absolute faith that the house of Hanover had reigned from before the Conquest. The Methodist, as he traces the crusade the authors of his creed led against latitudinarian and moral theology, is hardly conscious that Pitt was rivalling Demosthenes in the House of Commons, and adding Canada and India to the British empire. The novel-reader, as he dwells on the sorrows of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or the adventures of *Joseph Andrews*, or even the barbed experiences of *Gulliver*, does not pause to consider what a flood of light on contemporary society is shed by the first two, and on contemporary politics by the last. Only the student who regards the century as a whole, in its letters, its philosophy, its divinity, and its politics, knows how completely they illustrate each other, and that all considered together would present a microcosm of national life in which might be discerned not only what England was in the days of Bolingbroke and Walpole, but what it had been in the days of Laud, and was to be in those of Canning and Peel.

Certain periods of history are like watersheds. It is possible to see in them currents flowing down into the plains on either side. The eighteenth century is one of those periods. Therein lies its special value to students of history, and also perhaps the secret of the repulsion it exercises on those who are not. The mass of the people still revered the dogmas which had been living realities in the seventeenth century; their rulers repeated them; but protests had already begun to be raised against them; and means had been found to nullify their practical effect. The Test Act remained in force. In vain Swift mocked, and



Speaker Onslow deplored, a law which, as Cowper complained,

made the symbols of atoning grace,  
An office key, a picklock to a place.

Yet though the act was on the statute-book its operation was neutralized. Whig Parliaments and ministers rejected by overwhelming majorities proposals for its repeal; but they passed annual indemnity acts which rendered it nugatory. The act which punished witchcraft with death was repealed in 1736, but five persons, according to Dr. Parr, had been executed for this imaginary crime at Northampton so late as 1722; the lower classes clung to their belief in witches; and the early Methodist preachers vaunted their rescues of the victims of demoniacal possession. Henry Pelham passed in 1755 an act for legalizing naturalization of Jews; it had been introduced first in the House of Lords, and had there received the assent of the bishops; but Conservative members complained that ministers were welcoming a people that, as soon as they had obtained power through the elevation of Queen Esther, used it to "put to death in two days seventy-six thousand of those whom they were pleased to call their enemies without either judge or jury." The fear of another Feast of Purim was so great that Mr. Pelham had, in 1756, to repeal the law. An act passed in the reign of George the First forbade Popish recusants to come within ten miles of London, and gave them the alternative, on their refusal to recant Catholicism, of exile or death. But such laws were enacted more to keep up the tradition of English irreconcilability with Rome, than from any serious thought of putting them in operation in England. While Parliament menaced the believers in transubstantiation with death, the clergy preached a gospel of which it might have been much more truly said than was alleged by Whitefield of Tillotson, that it had "as little of true Christianity as the religion of Mahomet." Wilson was evangelizing the Isle of Man, and Butler reconciling faith and reason; at the same time the minister who controlled the ecclesiastical patronage of England for nearly a genera-

tion laid it down as his principle of selection, that he "would no more employ a man to govern and influence the clergy who did not flatter the parsons, than he would make a man chancellor who was constantly complaining of the grievances of the bar, and threatening to rectify the abuses of Westminster Hall." The same minister had a fine taste for art, and understood obscenity to be equivalent to wit. The kingdom was yearly growing in wealth; but the poor-rates and the amount of able-bodied pauperism kept steadily increasing. It was growing in general intelligence, yet Whitefield found close to Bristol, the second city in the empire, a population of many thousands "sunk in the most brutal ignorance and vice, and entirely excluded from the ordinances of religion." "Crime was so rampant that," wrote Horace Walpole, "one is forced to travel even at noon as if one were going to battle." Drunkenness had so lost shame that retailers of gin were in the habit of painting announcements outside their houses that men could be made drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and should have straw for nothing." Past the middle of the century a panic was aroused by the reform of the calendar, and people thought they had been robbed of eleven days of life. In the mean time Clarke was popularizing the philosophy of Newton, and Berkeley sounding the depths of metaphysics.

The nation had not awoke to the calls of philanthropy; it could give 100,000*l.* to the relief of the sufferers by the earthquake of Lisbon; but a few men like Oglethorpe had not yet succeeded in making charity fashionable. As Mr. Lecky says: "In no respect does the legislation of this period present a more striking contrast to that of the nineteenth century than in the almost complete absence of attempts to alleviate the social condition of the poorer classes, or to soften the more repulsive features of English life." Not only was there a complete want of sympathy with other types of humanity, but there was little appearance of any with its own. The kingdom continued to insist on its monopoly

of the supply of African slaves to the Spanish West Indies, and its own laws against domestic crimes were as savage as its measures to repress crime were inefficient. A hundred and sixty offences were punishable with death. There was neither pity for the criminal, nor horror at the crime, but there was a great deal of curiosity. Famous offenders, like Jack Sheppard and Dr. Dodd, were exhibited by the turnkeys in the press-room for two hours before execution at a shilling a head. Criminals had the chance of being released from jail by the hangman; insolvent debtors at the Fleet and the Marshalsea might linger for years amid horrors unspeakable till small-pox or jail-fever ransomed them. Yet Englishmen who viewed these atrocities of their law as matters of course, cherished a keen suspicion of designs against their liberty. They scented despotism in Walpole's wisely-conceived Excise Bill, and plots against their commerce in Bolingbroke's project for a treaty of free trade with France; but they outlawed three-quarters of the population of Ireland, and did all that in them lay to destroy the whole of its trade. The House of Commons was made up half of placemen. For a member to be reputed inaccessible to a bribe weighed down the odium of a life passed in concerting schemes for subverting the dynasty. "Parliament," says Mr. Lecky, "was thoroughly vicious in its constitution, narrow, corrupt, and often despotic in its tendencies;" yet it reflected fairly enough the national will, and registered obediently the national decision that this minister should resign and that minister govern.

The first George remained a petty German prince to his death, and the second, though he could speak a kind of English, cared more for the electorate than all the fortunes of England. But they never violated the British Constitution, or pilaged the public domain, and their wars, whether or not undertaken in the interests of Hanover, were more fruitful to England than the great victories of Marlborough. Their court was mean and coarse, and their private lives did not bear inspection; but their German environments set them apart from ordinary English society, and their vices did not injure the tone of public life a hundredth part as much as the profligacy of Charles the Second, or even of James. Their subjects did not affect to love or admire them. They sympathized heartily with Pitt's invectives against George the Sec-

ond's "absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality for Hanover." But they had accepted them for their sovereigns once for all. The sentimental devotion to the house of Stuart professed by millions when George the First ascended the throne, and not repudiated during the reign of his son, was a mere will-o'-the-wisp deluding foreign powers into a belief that they could retort attacks from England by lighting the flames of civil war. The nation burst into periodical paroxysms of passion for war; but it hired Hessians to fight its battles. Englishmen who thought it quite natural that the kingdom should mix itself with European politics, and the quarrels of thrones based on enormous armies, continued to declaim against standing armies in England. Lord Bath lamented in 1760, when the nation was exulting in the triumphs of the Seven Years' War, that "our nobility, born to be the guardians of the Constitution against prerogative, solicit the badge of military subjection, not merely to serve their country in times of danger, which would be commendable, but in expectation of being continued soldiers when tranquillity shall be restored." Above all, the erection of barracks was resisted, even by so calm and temperate a jurist as Blackstone; and a soldier like General Wade acknowledged that "the people of this kingdom have been taught to associate the ideas of barracks and slavery, like darkness and the devil." They saw nothing so very atrocious in the manning of the navy by the pressgang; nor did they extend their tenderness for their own liberties to any regard for the condition of the soldiers. These were so scandalously neglected that in 1707, sickness, want of firing, bad barracks, and desertion reduced the garrison of Portsmouth by half in less than a year and a half.

The picture of the eighteenth century, as painted by Mr. Lecky, has abundance of harsh shadows. The shadows are, perhaps, painted a little deeper than they need have been; and exceptions may have been sometimes offered as instances. But the account as a whole is scarcely exaggerated. The charge, however, popularly brought against the age is not that it was immoral and cruel, but that it was dull. On the contrary, the century, if only it be looked at close enough, is seen to be full of life and color. It was a hard fate for a writer whose bold and vivid pen sketched, so that they actually live before us, the varied phases of English life,

from the country squire's household and the miseries of a British man-of-war, to the humors of a prime minister's *levée* in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that the necessity of supporting existence should have compelled him to libel his own times by a history which is about as broadly philosophical as an Annual Register, and as absolutely without the local color of an Annual Register as one of Pinnock's Catechisms. But the task in which Smollett did not attempt to succeed is not one to be lightly undertaken. The only mode in which it could be really achieved would be by treating the century more as matter for a drama than a history. Lord Macaulay might have done it; but it would have been necessary for him to live to a hundred instead of to sixty. Mr. Lecky has produced two charming volumes, generous and liberal in sentiment, picturesque in style, and running over with information, laboriously collected and skilfully sifted. He has selected St. John and Walpole, and Pitt and Wesley, as types of the movements and counter-movements of the century, or rather its first three quarters. He has admirably delineated their characters and careers, and he has connected them with groups of essays, full of the variety, and point, and thought we should have anticipated from his previous works, on the social and political phenomena of the time, and the prejudiced mistakes of Mr. Froude. But when we have read them we find ourselves still asking, "What, then, is the secret of the eighteenth century? What has it which other centuries of English history have not? What has it not which they have?"

A history of society would be the truest history of the eighteenth century. Its work was the fusion of classes. The English Constitution was formed by a series of struggles from the reign of John to that of William the Third. The reigns of Anne and the Georges could contribute nothing to the history of the Constitution in its broad outlines. Those had already been defined before the century opened; but the full operation of the Constitution was as yet far from ascertained. Its principles were understood, but they had not been thoroughly applied. The present century has shown, by its Reform Acts, and its repeal of an infinity of legal disabilities and some legal immunities, that the Constitution had not been followed out to its logical conclusions. It has shown by its financial and commercial measures that the State often interfered

formerly when its interference was useless or worse. It has shown by its factory and educational legislation that it omitted formerly to interfere when it was its duty to interfere. But it is only in tracing the history of the eighteenth century that we begin to be conscious of such shortcomings in the State and the legislature. We are ready to complain of the age for being barren of the political and social reforms in which the nineteenth century has been rich. We do not censure the seventeenth century for such deficiencies, for in those times we never expect to find them supplied. The intermingling of classes which set in with the Revolution, and was encouraged by the Whig *régime*, gave Parliament, in spite of all its rotten boroughs, a sense that it represented the whole of the nation, and inspired courage to interfere with class interests. In the seventeenth, as in earlier centuries, different classes had allied to secure the nation's constitutional rights against the crown and court; but there was no solid fusion. Occasionally a member of one class passed into another, but he ceased to belong to the class he had sprung from. Trade and manufactures and financing were the social solvent which the last century applied to England. The great landowners bought out the small; but contractors of loans and merchants, and, later in the century, the so-called "nabobs" bought out both. Even borough-mongering, with all its mischievous and immoral scandals, promoted the general tendency by tempering the dominant country-gentleman element in Parliament with the capitalist element. Government by a Whig aristocracy, or oligarchy, gave vogue to the economical aspects of politics which Whiggism had always encouraged. When the House of Lords displayed as much interest in the Bank Charter as in the balance of power in Europe, the House of Commons, notwithstanding only landowners could be members, was not likely to resist very successfully the tendency of the age to attach special importance to trade and commerce. Mr. Lecky says: "A competition of economy reigned in all parties. The questions which excited most interest in Parliament were chiefly financial and commercial ones." A century in which a Parliament, with a majority made up of country gentlemen, attends more closely to finance and trade than to questions of constitutional safeguards and foreign politics, is already on the threshold of current history. Mr. Lecky is sur-

prised that St. John could not win favor for his proposed treaty of commerce with France. On the contrary, the wonder is not that merchants were so short-sighted as not to perceive the advantages of free trade with France, but that the merchants possessed power to rouse the passionate interest of the whole country in the defeat of a measure which they feared might diminish the profits of a class. Mr. Lecky points out the rottenness of a multitude of constituencies. Nothing was done to cure the evil in the eighteenth century; but in the eighteenth century the scandal of rotten boroughs began to be understood and condemned. In the reigns of Elizabeth, and even Charles the First, there were as many rotten boroughs; but they caused little or no odium. The country took them for granted, and candidates for them could scarcely be found.

The eighteenth century is so much more like the century which followed than those which preceded, that the temptation is natural to compare it with later times rather than the earlier. Thus Mr. Lecky remarks, as we have seen, that "in no respect does the legislation of this period present a more striking contrast to that of the nineteenth century than in the almost complete absence of attempts to alleviate the social condition of the poorer classes, or to soften the more repulsive features of English life." It is perfectly true, just as is his other observation that "the vast development of the British empire, and of manufacturing industry, the extension of publicity, and the growth of an inquiring and philanthropic spirit that discerns abuses in every quarter, have together immeasurably increased both the range and the complexity of legislation. In the early Hanoverian period the number of questions treated was very small, and few subjects were much attended to which did not directly affect party interests." But no one would think of blaming the Parliaments of James the First, or Charles the Second, for not reforming social abuses, or providing wholesome dwellings for the working classes. Parliament in those days did not strive to soften repulsive features of English life, because it had no sense of an obligation to interfere with such matters. It had no sense of such an obligation, because classes were not sufficiently intermingled to make the representatives of the nation feel that they had the right or duty to meddle with matters which were the concern of private persons. By the reign of

George the Second Parliament was coming to understand that it was answerable for the whole country. When Mr. Lecky expresses surprise at the inertness it showed in accepting its liability, he is measuring the age by a standard still in process of creation.

Englishmen were studying each other in the eighteenth century; they had not yet formed the conception that they might or ought to legislate for the conduct of each other's homes. An Englishman's house was still his castle; but a castle ceases to be much of a fastness when the minutest details of its internal arrangements become the concern of all its neighbors. The eighteenth century was an age when the favorite classic was Horace, and the favorite poet was Pope, who never wrote a line which was not an epigram, and did not inclose a portrait. The jewels of his verse, so exquisitely cut that we pardon some want of purity in the water, occupy a niche in English literature from which they will never be dislodged. But we can form but a faint surmise of the impression they must have made on his contemporaries. We admire the archer and listen with literary delight to the sharp whirr of the arrow; his own age followed it to its mark, and shuddered or mocked at the scream of its victim. Every line of Pope is a witness how, in the eighteenth century, courtiers and citizens, statesmen and men of letters, watched one another in cities; every page of Boswell tells how they conversed. Later on Crabbe records, in tales which our generation has not the wit to appreciate, how the same spirit of personal criticism moved the village. Classes were breaking up and melting into each other. The town was experimenting in rural life, though satisfied as yet to acclimatize itself at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, and try the pleasures, hitherto unknown, of the seashore. The country was migrating to the towns. A wave of mutual curiosity was rolling over and through English society. Dettingen and Minden were toughly contested fields, and Frederick's campaigns had a certain political importance to England; but to the England of the Georges they were most of all important as furnishing illimitable themes for talk. Chesterfield lamented after the Convention of Closterseven, that "we were no longer a nation." Are we to suppose that he ceased his polished trifling for an afternoon, or savored a scandalous anecdote a whit the less? Methodism scourged the frivolities of

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life; but like every other movement of the times, it has the same effect of rendering one class inquisitive as to the sayings and doings of every other class. It was no age for those who

Do not much delight in personal talk.

The English lakes had not yet been discovered. Such recluses had to take refuge, like Cowper, in some remote village from the life of busy idleness Walpole depicts. Even on the banks of the Ouse they could not escape being touched themselves with the humor of their time.

The century has bequeathed us letters like Lady Mary's and Walpole's, which were written to a sister or friend, but addressed to a circle, diaries which are a gallery of miniature, *vers de société*, still witty though blurred to us by time, comedies which keep the stage and kill their modern rivals, and novels which inspired "Waverley" and "Pickwick," and which "Waverley" and "Pickwick" have not superannuated. The belles-lettres of the eighteenth century embody its history, and a sparkling history it is. So studied, its brilliancy and variety are precisely proportionate to its dreary monotony when read in Parliamentary history and gazettes. But to study it as it deserves to be studied needs leisure and insight which few can bring. The secret of a period furrowed by a reformation or a civil war can be learned by those who would never have discovered it; it is hard to teach the true character of a period when its charm is the perpetual shifting of its lights and shadows, and the transitions from one stage to another. Yet if, from the nature of things, Mr. Lecky can present to us no bird's-eye view of the century, his pages offer in their author the most convincing, because himself the most convinced, of witnesses to the fascination of its history. Its personages are portrayed by him with a loving minuteness of detail; it must be a dull reader who can resist the contagion of the historian's own obvious interest in the oddities and eccentricities of its society. No pains bestowed on the exploration of such a period are in fact thrown away, though the labor may not result in more than a series of eloquent and picturesque sketches. It is the drama of the nineteenth century which is being rehearsed in the eighteenth. The players do not know their parts; the prompter's voice breaks the unity of the action; there is no audience but the company of the theatre; and the author seems to

have not yet decided upon the *dénouement*. But, on the other hand, there is an absence of formality which atones for much confusion; we see how the points are made which give the piece its final success, and we hear the stage directions. The two centuries of English history must be studied together to understand either. We can observe in the earlier preparations making for the work the later has done. In the one the legislative history is the more instructive, in the other the history of society and of thought. England has won greater political triumphs in other centuries than the eighteenth, and has produced a nobler literature; but on those who love to talk face to face with another age than their own, there is no period in English history which will fasten a tighter grasp.

WILLIAM STEBBING.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### HOW WE GOT AWAY FROM NAPLES.

##### A STORY OF THE TIME OF KING BOMBA.

A PRETTY little lodge, two miles from an English cathedral town. A neat pair of iron gates, through which you see the carriage-drive, bordered by a blaze of roses. The lodge itself covered with jessamine and tropæolum, which seem to wind all round the tiny dwelling. Within the gates, the drive turns abruptly towards the house, a white little villa, redeemed from the charge of being commonplace only by the profusion of flowers that border the terrace in front of it, climb its walls, overarch its entrance, and lean laughingly out of its windows. The turnpike road, after passing the lodge, plunges into a deep cutting, the top of which is crowned by the garden wall, so that the noise and dust of carts and carriages and market people pass by out of sight and almost out of hearing. But on the other side the view lies open over a wide expanse of fertile meadows, sloping down to the river, with corresponding meadows on the opposite bank, beyond which rises, tier above tier, a range of purple hills. Such was the spot at which I arrived on a hot summer afternoon more than twenty years ago.

I have sketched Valleyfield, not because it has much to do with my story, but because it always struck me as one of the most peaceful corners of the earth. Its tranquillity seemed to me even more



striking, now that a great trouble had come upon its owner.

It was the home of Mr. Egerton, a modern hermit, a rare bird upon earth, a quiet man in the nineteenth century. There he lived alone with his flowers and his books, a good botanist, a good scholar, and a contented man. I do not know whether he considered himself a philosopher, but at any rate he lived like one. He seemed to have realized in practice that absurd assertion of the ancient sage, that happiness consists not in the gratification of desires, but in their moderation. We know better now. The more wants we can contrive for ourselves, the more people we can set to work to invent ways of satisfying those wants, the nearer we shall approach to happiness. It is true that our approach always remains in the future tense. We never *do* get any nearer. But this is owing partly to our stupidity in not having contrived wants enough, and partly to the slowness of our inventors in supplying those which we express. If we only had a bridge from England to America, and could travel by electric telegraph, and fire shells a hundred feet in diameter, so as to blow up a town at one shot, how very happy we should be!

Mr. Egerton never wanted to fire shells, or to bridge the Atlantic. He had a telegraph, by which he used to send messages from one side of his mantelpiece to the other, *via* the kitchen garden, for he was a bit of a chemist, and liked experiments. But he never wanted to travel by it, nor, indeed, by anything else. He watched the trains fizzing and fuming along the other side of the valley, and leaving their soft white clouds lazily festooning about the elm trees, without the slightest desire to be whirled along with them. At the risk of awakening a feeling of incredulous disgust in the mind of the reader, veracity compels me to assert that he had given up travelling altogether. Almost equally strange was the fact that he never seemed to know what *ennui* is. His own pursuits occupied his time. He went on quietly enough, reading his Homer like Horace, working in his garden like Ariosto, committing his fancies to paper like Lucilius, employing a good many laborers in his gardens, giving away a good deal in charity, and living on the whole a life not much less happy, nor much more useless, than the rest of us.

It had not always been so. Old people, the walking chronicles of the county, could tell you of days when few men were more popular than the handsome Egerton,

the rising barrister, the author of a brilliant book of Eastern travel, the charm of every society that he entered. But a crushing blow had fallen on him, and for a time had almost shattered his reason. His young wife had died after one short year of wedded happiness. And though time, the true consoler, had at last brought consolation to the mourner, the habits which grief had formed retained their influence, and he no longer looked for happiness in action or in society. The only tie that bound him to the world was the child that was left to him, and in his boy his whole powers of loving were concentrated. Though he had succeeded to a large estate in another part of the county, he valued wealth and position only for his son, and continued to live in his own little villa, having let the family mansion until the time should come for Harry to marry and settle there, and perhaps assume the place in Parliamentary life which had more than once been occupied by his ancestors.

It was through Harry that I became acquainted with Mr. Egerton. Harry was my greatest friend at Eton and Oxford, and I had been down once or twice to stay with him during the shooting season. The winter after we took our degree we went to Italy together, and enjoyed ourselves immensely at Florence and Rome. Harry was as amusing a fellow as you would meet in a long day's journey, clever, though not overburdened with book-learning, and endowed with that rare gift of good spirits against which the bluest devils are utterly impotent. His very appearance was irresistible, and ensured him popularity wherever he went. He had been an idle fellow enough at Oxford, and distinguished himself chiefly by the assiduity with which he attended the lectures of Mr. James Hill, Lord Redesdale's Professor of Alopecology. Yet even grave dons, deep in the digamma, and well assured of the vanity of all earthly pursuits except the study of Greek particles, could scarcely repress some natural sentiment of admiration when they saw young Egerton, on some clear winter morning, his bright eyes and light brown curls peeping out under his hunting cap, his lithe figure set off to the best advantage by the single-breasted pink and snowy buckskins—not going to school, like Cowper, albeit, like him,

In his scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped, but shaking his thoroughbred hack into a canter as he passed up the Corn Market

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preparatory to the stretching gallop of sixteen miles to Heythrop, or it might be of five and twenty to Addlestrop.

At Rome Egerton was, if possible, more popular than even at Christ Church or Eton, and in a very short time we had met or made friends enough for a lifetime. We passed our days merrily enough, hunting antiquities in the city, and foxes in the Campagna, lionizing museums in the morning, and going to two or three parties in the evening, after the usual manner of British residents in the capital of the Cæsars.

Among all our acquaintance, there was no one of whom we saw so much as Pulteney. He was a young captain in the navy, and had already distinguished himself in such work as there was to do in those piping times of peace, when there was nobody but the Chinese to quarrel with. Those who saw him in action said that there was no officer more careful of his men. But, however that might be, I can only say that when I knew him in Rome he was as wild a fellow as you would wish to see. He was always screwing unfortunate Roman hacks at impossible posts and rails, and, strange to say, he used somehow to get them over. I believe he required a certain amount of danger to steady him, and felt it necessary to hazard his neck two or three times a day. I remember we once went up to the top of St. Peter's together. When we were inside the ball, the conversation turned on the illumination, which was produced by sending up men to stick little iron saucers of pitch all over the building. They used to say that two or three men were killed every year by falling off it, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and that the pope benevolently ordered the sacrament to be administered to all of them before they went up. Upon this Pulteney took a sudden fancy to climb to the very top of the cross, and, in spite of all we could say, up he went. When at the top, he stood upright, folded his arms, and looked over Italy in general. He then took out an old envelope, with his address and a queen's head upon it, stuck it into a chink of the cross, and formally took possession of the spot in the name of her Britannic Majesty. He then slid down again in safety, to our great relief. (If the pope reads this, I sincerely hope he will not think it necessary to send any one up to take down the humiliating document.)

The pleasantest season comes to an

end, even at Rome. Easter was over. Pulteney had gone to Malta, and Egerton and I were thinking of starting for Naples, when I received a summons which obliged me to return to England. Egerton remained to finish his tour. Since my return, I had had one letter from him, announcing his immediate departure from Rome. I wrote to him at Naples, as he requested, but got no reply. This did not strike me as anything extraordinary. He had sometimes talked of going on to the East, if he met any pleasant companions at Naples. But when I received a letter from Mr. Egerton, asking if I had heard anything about Harry, I felt at once a foreboding of evil. I knew how careful he was to avoid causing anxiety to his father, and his silence for a period of two months seemed inexplicable on any other supposition. Like myself, Mr. Egerton had heard nothing of him since he left Rome.

We wrote at once to the embassy at Naples, and to the bankers, but without success. His passport had not been *visé*, and he had drawn no money at Naples. I immediately went down to Valleyfield, and offered to go to Italy to make inquiries about him.

Poor Mr. Egerton! He had little expected to be again stretched on the rack of this tough world, and his habits had little prepared him for the awful trial that had come upon him. He was in a state of mind such as I do not wish to describe, and hope never to see again. However, he had determined himself to start instantly for Italy, and gratefully accepted my offer to accompany him.

Our journey was a sad one, and all the sadder to me from the contrast it offered to the one I had taken along the same road in the previous year, when every part of the way had been lighted by the brilliant fancy and unflagging spirits of poor Harry. It must have been still sadder for Mr. Egerton, who had not travelled to Italy since his wedding tour. We took the steamer at Marseilles for Civitá Vecchia, and at last reached the eternal city.

It was the middle of August. The streets were deserted, and the whole aspect of the place as changed as the feelings with which I revisited it. I rushed to our old lodgings. The house was shut up. The people were away for their *villaggiatura*. The old woman who was left in charge was a stranger to me. She knew nothing about *Inglese* nor *signori* either.

We went to the diligence office. I asked to see the books for the first week in May. Impossible. Why? What good reason could we have for such a search? I knew what this meant, so produced my reason in the shape of a crown-piece. The book was produced, and there we read that Egerton Enrico was a passenger from Rome to Naples on the 3rd of May. But did he get to Naples? *Sicuro*, without doubt he got to Naples. Where is the conductor of the diligence? Oh, the man that was conductor is gone. Where is he gone? Who knows? he bought a carriage and horses, and went for a *vetturino*. Can you tell if anything happened to the diligence on that day? Oh no, nothing ever happens to the pontifical diligence. We look at the list of passengers. No English among them. Do you know the address of any of these passengers? Who knows? they were all *forestieri*, probably.

It is clear that there is nothing more to be learned here, and the official is too anxious to shut up his shop. We go to the consul's, ascertain that poor Harry's passport was duly *visé* for the two Sicilies — return to our hotel — and early next morning take a post-carriage for Naples.

On the right track at last. Poor Mr. Egerton's anxiety was almost too great to bear. The fatal sun of an Italian August beat down upon us, and made us sick and faint. We asked all sorts of absurd questions of the postilions and innkeepers, which would have been considered symptoms of lunacy in an Italian, but passed as the normal habit of English travellers. We looked at every tree by the roadside as if it could perhaps tell us tidings of our lost one. We tried to comfort ourselves with all sorts of surmises. On the whole, we inclined to believe that he must have reached Naples. It seemed too improbable that he could have been murdered or carried away by brigands while travelling in a public conveyance. And so we went on all day through the poisonous marshes, and were fain to rest our fevered heads in the evening at fair Terracina.

Next morning we started early, and passed rapidly through the richest spot of Europe, — the jungle of maize, and vines, and olives, and figs, and oranges, and cork-trees, and caroubas, that formed the entrance to the kingdom of Naples. We had the usual attack on the frontier from the custom-house and passport officials, but soon appeased them by the usual distribution of pauls and scudi. However,

this did not save us from a similar onset at Fondi, the metropolis of beggary and brigandage. Here we encountered a most dignified official, a worthy successor of Aufidius Luscus, who presided over the passport department at Fondi in the time of Horace, except that he had no pan of charcoal, the weather being warm, and no laticlave, except a stripe down his trousers. He too was pleased to condescend so far as to accept some slight gratification, and we should soon have got off again, had it not been discovered that one of our wheels was heated, and required examination. Impatient as we were, the delay was unavoidable. To pass the time, we strolled about the town. We were soon surrounded and jostled by a crowd of beggars, of both sexes, of all ages, and of all degrees of filthiness. In our endeavors to shake them off we turned into one of the narrowest streets, but had not gone far before a yet more piercing cry of "*Carità, signori, carità per l'amor di Dio!*" saluted our ears, and a cap, fastened to the end of a sort of fishing-rod, was dangled close to our faces. Looking up, we saw a wall, built of rough blocks of volcanic stone, and pierced by two small and heavily grated windows. Between the bars of these windows, in the extremity of dirt and squalor, appeared some of the vilest and most satanic of human countenances, chattering like apes at the possibility of a *grano*. "*Carità,*" they screamed again as we looked up, "*carità, signori Inglesi!*" At the word another face appeared at the window, a pale, thin face, with long, fair curls hanging over it in matted confusion, and a feeble voice faintly gasped forth, "*Father! father!*"

There — in that den of thieves — in the common prison of the most miserable town even of the two Sicilies — among ruffians such as are produced only by extreme misgovernment acting upon extreme ignorance — fettered by the leg day and night to a bandit and murderer — we found him, the object of so many fears and hopes, the idol of his widowed father, the hero of Eton and Christ Church. I cannot, even now, dwell on such a subject. And why should I? The world knows, or ought to know, what a Neapolitan prison used to be. Suffice it to say that Harry had endured more than three months of that incessant torture, in the hottest season of the year, deprived almost entirely of food, and light, and air, and shut out from all possibility of communicating with his friends, or with any

human beings except the beasts that surrounded him.

To poor Mr. Egerton the shock was almost as great as if the bleeding body of his son had been suddenly flung at his feet. It was only gradually that he came to see that our great difficulty was surmounted, and that there was hope, and good hope, of soon freeing Harry from his wretched position.

By large bribes we soon persuaded the keeper of the prison to let us have an interview with his captive, but only through a grating, and in the presence of two turnkeys. None of us could refrain from weeping. My poor friend's appearance was even more wan and haggard than we had at first thought it. Three months of imprisonment had left on him more traces of age and suffering than would have been produced by ten years of liberty.

He did not know precisely on what charge he had been arrested, except that he was supposed to be a revolutionary agent. A letter had been found in his portmanteau which our Italian master at Nice had begged him to convey to a relative at Naples. Harry had forgotten all about it, until it was discovered by one of the customs' officials, among whom it seemed to be considered a missive about as safe as a small bombshell. After that, everything belonging to him was ransacked. Papers and books of all kinds were seized, and his pockets were rifled. Strong confirmation of his dangerous character was found, in the shape of a small revolver. He had then been hurried before another official, and, after a few brief questions, had been thrown into the loathsome den in which we discovered him, and fettered to the wretch who stood scowling by his side even during our interview.

We strove hard with the gaoler to obtain some immediate alleviation of his misery, but without much success. Nothing that we could offer availed to obtain for him a separate cell, or even to remove that last unspeakable horror, the double chain. We were allowed, indeed, to supply him with some food and wine, but were obliged to bring enough also for the four or five and twenty prisoners who shared the same apartment, and who would otherwise have devoured everything. Poor creatures! we did not grudge it them. Their evil deeds could scarcely have been bad enough to deserve a Neapolitan prison.

Leaving Mr. Egerton at Fondi, to hold with his son such occasional communication as was permitted, I started for Naples. I scarcely hoped to find our minister there at that time of the year, and was relieved to find that he was no further off than Sorrento. To Sorrento I hastened, and was courteously received by Sir Thomas Dudley.

Sir Thomas was a member of that privileged caste which used (of course a long time ago) to enjoy a vested interest in the management of the foreign affairs of the British empire. The founder of his family had been a distinguished diplomatist some two or three hundred years since, and concluded a treaty of alliance which led England into a war. That war, like all other wars, was extremely popular for a few months, and ended, like all other wars, in both parties being extremely disgusted, so that a "just and necessary war" was followed by a no less just and considerably more necessary peace. Peace was made "upon terms honorable to both nations," a phrase which, being interpreted, means that both discovered that they could very well do without what they went to war for, and that thousands of brave men had died in agony, and provinces had been ravaged, and wives and maidens had suffered all that wives and maidens do suffer from infuriated soldiers, and money enough to feed and educate all the children in Europe had been worse than wasted, all for a name, a shadow, an impalpable something, the want of which would never trouble the sleep or the digestion of a single subject of either of the belligerent powers.

The distinguished diplomatist whose firmness and foresight had led to this righteous and glorious war was of course ennobled and pensioned, and his descendants to the remotest generation of course acquired an hereditary right to conduct the foreign relations of England. There was a great variety of places for them. There were quiet places. There were bustling places. There were even stormy places for those who liked them. There were places in warm climates, places in cold climates, places in temperate climates, and all tolerably well paid, so that each might choose the post best adapted, not only to his abilities and temper, but also to his habits and temperament, and thus be emphatically the right man in the right place, to his own comfort, and to the immense advantage of his

grateful country. May competitive examination never disturb so excellent an arrangement!

Sir Thomas Dudley had now for some years adorned the court of Naples. He was a diplomatist of the old school. (One would like to know where that school was, at which so many excellent people were educated.) His manners were stately yet easy, that is, he was dignified himself, and yet put his guests quite at their ease. He was hospitable as became the representative of England, an epicure even among diplomatists, a connoisseur of art even among Italians. His conversation was attractive, his wit graceful and without effort, his French was the French of Louis XIV., untainted by the slang of the post-revolutionary era. He was scarcely known to fame, nor did he wish for her acquaintance. He was most popular among his friends, and for himself he found the world a pleasant world, and hated nothing in it except business.

However, he was so shocked at my description of poor Harry's sufferings, that he at once proceeded to Naples, had an interview with the prime minister, and afterwards with King Ferdinand himself. But I can fancy that his representations somewhat resembled the way in which Sir Plume pleaded for the restoration of Belinda's lock. At any rate nothing came of them. His Majesty was inexorable. He affected to believe that all the troubles in his dominions arose from the machinations of English agents, and now that he had caught one of them, he professed his intention of making an example. He would not even grant any mitigation of the horrors of poor Harry's dungeon, nor fix a day for his trial.

It was clear that we must appeal to a higher tribunal. Parliament was not sitting, but I wrote to a political friend to bring the case to the attention of the ministry, and to another friend to bring it before the public. A great statesman introduced it into a speech to his constituents. Every paper in the United Kingdom, and half the papers on the Continent, echoed his account of the outrage, and soon there burst forth a storm of public opinion such as even the impudence of the Neapolitan government could scarcely bear without flinching. After some three weeks of agonizing excitement, poor Harry's irons were struck off, he was removed to a solitary cell in the prison at Naples, was allowed to receive an occasional visit from his father

and myself, and was informed that his trial would shortly commence.

It was indeed time that some change should be made. Egerton's reason was beginning to give way, and it seemed as if the king really desired such a termination to the affair. Even after the prisoner's removal to Naples, delays of all kinds were interposed. Days and weeks and months passed by, and our hearts were sickened with the bitter draught of hope deferred.

Christmas had passed, and another year had commenced, when the trial at last began. Our consul had kindly made all needful preparations for the defence, and had engaged the best counsel. We were sanguine that a day or two would show what a mistake the whole thing had been, and that Harry would be at once restored to liberty.

We knew not the depth of Neapolitan injustice. Right or wrong, the king had determined to wreak on our poor friend his accumulated spite against the English nation. The procurator-general united in his own person the functions of prosecutor, judge, and jury. Everything was conducted as he wished, and any judge who dared to show a symptom of independence was bullied almost as much as the prisoner and his advocates. The crown witnesses were protected from cross-examination. Evidence for the defence was refused admittance. The prisoner's counsel were reminded of the probable consequence to themselves and their families if they uttered a word that could be construed into disapprobation of the conduct of the government. Trifles light as air were brought forward as weighty proofs of the guilt of the accused. The chief point relied on was the letter of the Italian master, who had been compromised in the events of May 1848. It was a harmless production enough, relating chiefly to family affairs, but hidden meanings were invented for every sentence, so that it appeared to portend a most diabolical conspiracy. Then there was the revolver, which was clearly revolutionary, a wide-awake of revolutionary cut, and various books and papers of revolutionary tendency. Among these figured an old number of *Punch*, which had been wrapped round a pair of boots, and which depicted the pope in the character of Guy Faux, and the king of Naples in an equally undignified attitude, plainly tending to the subversion of authority, and the dissemination of atheism and anarchy. Worst of all, there were found

some unfinished lines in the prisoner's own handwriting, exciting odium and contempt of "our adorable Lord the King," the emperor of Austria, "the Holiness of our Lord the Pope," and the most virtuous Cardinal Antonelli. They ran as follows:—

Wolves in the stately deer-park !  
Blight on the fruitful tree !  
Swine in the blushing vineyard,  
The Huns in Italy !

A weak and senseless puppet,  
High on the Cæsars' throne !  
A priestly brigand ruling  
Where once Mæcenas shone !

A new Tiberius holding  
The old despotic sway,  
Where Capri's island citadel  
Looks o'er the purple bay !

As Egerton said afterwards, the verses were perhaps bad enough to deserve a short term of imprisonment. They undoubtedly savored of the circumstances under which they had been composed—a sleepless night in the interior of a diligence.

In those days, however, such things were no laughing matter. It was evident that the trial was a mere mockery, and was intended to terminate in the condemnation of the prisoner. Our hearts sank within us as we thought of his probable fate. The British government had admitted the right of the king to try him according to the laws of Naples, and had only urged the acceleration of the proceedings.

Still the trial dragged along its weary length. The king, with catlike cruelty, took a pleasure in prolonging the sufferings of his victim. The press in England continued to thunder against him, and at last, Parliament being about to meet, the admiral at Malta was ordered to send a small squadron into the Bay of Naples.

We knew, of course, that this meant "moral influence," and not active intervention. Yet it was not without a certain sensation of pleasure that we saw the ships in the offing, led by the "Victoria," a splendid screw frigate of fifty-one guns. On she came, swift as a locomotive, graceful as a yacht, terrible as an army. Above her floated the flag of England, the proud emblem of the sovereignty of the seas, untarnished still as in the days when Blake bore it in triumph over the sinking corsairs, or as when, on the eve of Trafalgar, it streamed in Spanish breezes beside the majestic simplicity of Nelson's immortal signal.

We had not heard that Pulteney had recently been appointed to the command of the "Victoria," and it was a pleasing surprise when he appeared at our hotel. He accompanied us to the trial, our daily occupation, and his indignation passed all bounds. He had seen in China something of the tortures that human tyranny is capable of inflicting, and his blood boiled at the thought of his favorite Egerton, whom he had looked upon as a younger brother, being delivered over to similar barbarities.

Next day we were in court as usual by ten o'clock, but without Pulteney. The usual scene of perjury and browbeating was resumed. It was nearly eleven when an officer in an exceedingly smart uniform entered hastily, and spoke a few words in a low voice to the president. The latter conferred for a few minutes with his brother judges, and then, as the procurator-general began to reiterate a demand that certain words used by the prisoner's counsel should be taken down as treasonable, he administered to that functionary a "set down" such as Dr. Johnson might have bestowed upon James Boswell. Had an earthquake occurred, it would probably have occasioned less surprise. The procurator-general remained with his mouth open, and not for some moments could he recover the power of speech sufficiently to mumble out his remark about "answering for it to our Lord the King." "Our Lord the King," replied the president, "has no wish except that justice may be done in this, as in every case which is brought before his royal tribunals. It is the unanimous decision of myself and of my fellow judges that the evidence for the prosecution has failed to establish any proof of complicity on the part of the prisoner with those wicked factions which have dared to trouble the serenity of our adorable monarch. I declare the prisoner acquitted."

Here he stooped down and spoke to the chief of the police. Under the orders of the latter, Harry was surrounded by some dozen gendarmes, and marched out of court. Mr. Egerton and I followed as closely as we could. They took him at once down to the quay, placed him in a boat that was waiting, and made straight for Pulteney's frigate. We hired a boat, and followed them as fast as possible, and soon had the happiness of embracing our Harry, once more a free man, on a British deck.

We all thankfully accepted Pulteney's invitation to remain on board. I went



back to Naples for an hour, got our traps together, paid the hotel bill, gave full powers to the consul to satisfy all demands, and especially to remunerate our unfortunate advocates liberally, and soon returned to the ship.

The sea was calm as a mill-pond, and blue as the sky above us, as the "Victoria" steamed rapidly out of the bay on her return to Malta. Pulteney, Mr. Egerton, Harry, and I lounged lazily upon deck, and looked back with feelings too deep for words at the fair city, the scene of so much natural beauty, of so much artificial misery. Three of us had been suffering for months all the tortures of intense and protracted anxiety, and the sudden change made our present happiness seem almost incredible.

Mr. Egerton was the first to break silence. "I cannot understand the conduct of the judges even now. To drag on the trial all these days, and then all of a sudden to acquit the prisoner, without pretending to finish it. It looked as if they really wanted to show what a mockery the whole thing was. It is certain they were dead for conviction all along."

"It was the appearance of that officer that changed everything," said I. "He must have brought a special message from Tiberius. But what made his Majesty turn round so suddenly, I cannot imagine."

Here Pulteney, to our great amazement, said, with a quiet smile, "The fact is, I thought it expedient to do a little diplomacy on my own account."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed at once.

"Why, you see we in the navy have a sort of traditional way of dealing with these little Mediterranean potentates. It would not do to try it too often, but every now and then an emergency arises, and, from all I could hear, our friend here was in a parlous position. Now Dudley is a good fellow, a very good fellow, I may say, but just a little bit slow. He is like the interpreters in China, who have lived there so long that they really believe the Chinese to be the first people in the world, and all their humbugging etiquette and falsehood to be really necessary to the conduct of affairs. So it occurred to me to offer a little moral support, as they call it, to his representations. I asked him to present me to the king. He hummed and hawed, and told me that his Majesty was not half pleased at the presence of the ships, and rather wanted to ignore their existence. However, I persuaded him

that civility required that I should wait upon his Majesty. So he sent to inquire about it, and was told that the king would receive me quietly that evening.

"I dined with Dudley, and got a lecture from him about cutting the shop, and especially about saying nothing that could be understood as alluding to this affair of yours. After dinner we went to the palace. There were very few people there, and the king received me pretty graciously, looking all the time as sulky as a bear with several sore heads. I watched my opportunity, and, when I saw him standing by himself, I went up to him with a most respectful bow.

"Your Majesty has heard my name, perhaps?"

"He stared, but gave a nod, and said my father was a great man.

"That is all the effect of your Majesty's goodness. Your Majesty may also perchance have heard that I am the commander of the British ships which have the honor of lying in your Majesty's bay?"

"He looked as black as thunder, but nodded again.

"Then I solemnly assure your Majesty, on the honor of a British officer, that if my countryman, Henry Egerton, is not delivered over to me in safety on board the "Victoria" by mid-day tomorrow, I will blow this palace of your Majesty into the air."

"This was rather a long speech for me to make in Italian, so it came out very deliberately. The king turned all sorts of colors, and laid hold of the back of a sofa to prevent himself falling. I did not give him time to say anything, but wished him a 'most happy night' with a bow of the deepest humility, and got back to my ship as fast as I possibly could.

"This morning early I got up steam on board the ships, and ran the "Victoria" in with her broadside lying 'convenient' to the palace. About ten o'clock I had the decks cleared for action, and immediately afterwards two Neapolitan boats put off and came poking about round the ship. I ordered the guns to be slowly loaded. The men quite entered into the joke (they always do), and loaded very deliberately, and with the utmost ostentation. The boats went off in a hurry, and about half past eleven one of them came back with our friend here in the stern-sheets. The officer in charge asked me for a receipt to be produced to his Majesty, so I wrote him a note which I don't think he'll show to many people, thanking him for sending

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off in one of his own royal boats my countryman who had been so honorably acquitted by his enlightened and impartial judges, and also for having so graciously condescended to admit the force of the arguments which I had the distinguished honor of submitting to his royal notice last evening at the palace."

I need not repeat the expressions of amazement with which this little story was received.

"But after all, Pulteney, what would you have done if the good Bomba had not knocked under?"

"Oh, I must have done it, you know. I had given him my solemn word of honor that I would. But the consequences might have been awkward, I grant you. I suppose I should have been dismissed the service, and had to live ashore for the remainder of my days, unless I had got the command of one of the P. and O. steamers. Very good berths there are in the P. and O. service, I believe. But the fact is that there was not much chance of his holding out. I knew that he was undoubtedly the greatest coward in Europe. And his own people would have risen against him instantly. Besides, I calculated he would fancy that I had private instructions from our government, quite independent of Dudley. I am half sorry though, after all, that the affair ended so peaceably. 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life — an hour's bombardment of Bomba."

H.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH.

LETTERS ADDRESSED BY JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L.,  
TO THE CLERGY.

THE following letters, which are still receiving the careful consideration of many of my brother clergy, are, at the suggestion of the editor, now printed in the *Contemporary Review*, with the object of eliciting a further and wider expression of opinion. In addition to the subjoined brief introductory address, I desire here to say that every reader of these remarkable letters should remember that they have proceeded from the pen of a very eminent layman, who has not had the advantage, or disadvantage, of any special theological training; but yet whose extensive studies in art have not prevented him from fully recognizing, and boldly avowing, his belief that religion is everybody's business, and *his* not

less than another's. The draught may be a bitter one for some of us; but it is a salutary medicine, and we ought not to shrink from swallowing it.

I shall be glad to receive such expressions of opinion as I may be favored with from the thoughtful readers of the *Contemporary Review*. Those comments or replies, along with the original letters, and an essay or commentary from myself as editor, will be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., and appear early in the spring; the volume being closed by a reply, or epilogue, from Mr. Ruskin himself.

F. A. MALLESON, M.A.

The Vicarage, Broughton-in-Furness.

#### INTRODUCTION.

THE first reading of the letters to the Furness Clerical Society was prefaced with the following remarks:—

A few words by way of introduction will be absolutely necessary before I proceed to read Mr. Ruskin's letters. They originated simply in a proposal of mine, which met with so ready and willing a response, that it almost seemed like a simultaneous thought. They are addressed nominally to myself, as representing the body of clergy whose secretary I have the honor to be; they are, in fact, therefore addressed to this society primarily. But in the course of the next month or two they will also be read to two other clerical societies, — the Ormskirk and the Brighton (junior) — who have acceded to my proposals with much kindness, and in the first case have invited me of their own accord. I have undertaken, to the best of my ability, to arrange and set down the various expressions of opinion, which will be freely uttered. In so limited a time, many who may have much to say that would be really valuable will find no time to-day to deliver it. Of these brethren, I beg that they will do me the favor to express their views at their leisure, in writing. The original letters, the discussions, the letters which may be suggested, and a few comments of the editor's, will be published in a volume which will appear, I trust, in the beginning of the next year.

I will now, if you please, undertake the somewhat dangerous responsibility of avowing my own impressions of the letters I am about to read to you. I own that I believe I see in these papers the development of a principle of the deepest interest and importance, — namely, the application of the highest and loftiest standard in the interpretation of the gos-

pel message to ourselves as clergymen, and from ourselves to our congregations. We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics, as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in art. A man is wanted to show to both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of gospel teaching. Many there are, and I am of this number, whose cry is "*Exoriarie aliquis*."

I ask you, if possible, to do in an hour what I have been for the last two months trying to do, to divest myself of old forms of thought, to cast off self-indulgent views of our duty as ministers of religion, to lift ourselves out of those grooves in which we are apt to run so smoothly and so complacently, persuading ourselves that all is well just as it is, and to endeavor to strike into a sterner, harder path, beset with difficulties, but still the path of duty. These papers will demand a close, a patient, and in some places, a few will think, an indulgent consideration; but as a whole, the standard taken is, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian, to the extent of an almost ideal perfection. If we do go forward straight in the direction which Mr. Ruskin points out, I know we shall come, sooner or later, to a chasm right across our path. Some of us, I hope, will undauntedly cross it. Let each judge for himself, τῷ τελει πιστὸν φέρων.

## LETTERS.

## I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,  
LANCASHIRE, 20th June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON, — I could not at once answer your important letter; for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long in earnest, if in any wise it may be possible for me to be of service therein. My health — or want of it — now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute intellectual effort; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Fors* and else-

where, which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered.

At all events, I will think over what I should like, and be able, to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honor done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

## II.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,  
23d June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON, — Walking, and talking, are now alike impossible to me; \* my strength is gone for both; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in your kindness and truth; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your friends in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling — as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The first exact question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called upon by laymen to solve, is surely axiomatic: the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such.

Namely: as clergymen of the Church of England, do they consider themselves to be so called merely as the attached servants of a particular state? Do they, in their quality of guides, hold a position similar to that of the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, who, being a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those several villages, have nevertheless no Chamounist or Grindelwaldist opinions on the subject of Alpine geography or glacier walking; but are prepared to put into practice a common and universal science of locality and athletics, founded on sure survey and successful practice? Are the clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way, known of all good men, that leadeth unto life? — or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner re-

\* In answer to the proposal of discussing the subject during a mountain walk.

quired, or compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries?

Is not this the first of all questions which a clerical council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

### III.

BRANTWOOD, 6th July.

MY first letter contained a layman's plea for a clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be, that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the gospel to England, but of the gospel to all nations; and not of the gospel of Luther, nor of the gospel of Augustine, but of the gospel of Christ,—then the layman's second question would be:

Can this gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense, desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring, for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenor of their teaching,\* to a "Homily of Justification,"† which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

### IV.

BRANTWOOD, 8th July.

I AM so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without lifting too much for my strength at once; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology, or fear of giving offence.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a simple and comprehensible statement of the Chris-

tian gospel at starting. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature? (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the *πᾶσι τῇ κτίσει*, so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis' sermon to the birds, and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unmuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the *perfect* fulfilment of his "Feed my sheep" in the higher sense.)

That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think that your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and hunting and vivisection were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this gospel is to be preached either "*πᾶσι τοῖς*" or to "*πᾶσι τὰ ἔθνη*," if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what it *is*? And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer—the first words taught to children all over the Christian world?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters; and in answer to the question with which you close your last, I can only say that you are at perfect liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters of mine may be printed, I say: "Assuredly, provided only that you print them entire." But in your hands, I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

THE REV. F. A. MALLISON.

### V.

BRANTWOOD, 10th July.

MY meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach; but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the gospel—its "first and great commandment,"

\* Art xi.

† Homily xi. of the Second Table.

namely, that we have a Father whom we can love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with him in heaven, wherever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* his works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can "taste" and "see" that the Lord is good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men, as distinguished from the evil message and accursed spell that Satan has brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only "a consuming fire" ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for all, for which they are to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son.

Supposing this first article of the true gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that gospel become intelligible and living, instead of dark and dead: "The grace of Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,"—the most *tender* word being that used of the Father?

## VI.

BRANTWOOD, 12th July, 1879.

I WONDER how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer, the *first petition* of it, the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to him?

Is it any otherwise with the third commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the Statute of Swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless" merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negated,—

οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρῶς . . . κύριος?

For *other* sins there is washing; for this, none! the seventh verse, Ex. xx., in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather

than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in his name, and having him in the midst of them; as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of his name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the third commandment. For as "the name whereby he shall be called is the Lord our Righteousness,"—so the taking that name in vain is the sum of "the deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable state of the Christian Church which would result, were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," etc., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—in the pulpit, as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## VII.

BRANTWOOD, 14th July, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs sent. Your comment and conducting link, when needed, will be of the greatest help and value, I am well assured, suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that "His" in the fourth line\* was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ; as in another passage,† referring to the creation, "when his right hand strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary," but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *me*, Philip, and not the Father?" we are not teaching the people what is specially the gospel of Christ as having a distinct function—namely, to *serve* the Father, and do the Father's will. And in all his human relations to us, and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not as the "power of God and wisdom of God," that he acts and speaks. Not as the power; for *he* must pray, like one of us. Not as the wisdom; for he must not know "if it be possible" his prayer should be heard.

And in what I want to say of the third clause of his prayer (*his*, not merely as his ordering, but his using), it is especially this comparison between *his* kingdom, and his Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very

\* Modern Painters.

† Referring to the closing sentence of the third paragraph of the fifth letter, which *seemed* to express what I felt could not be Mr. Ruskin's full meaning, I pointed out to him the following sentence in "Modern Painters;"—

"When, in the desert, Jesus was girding himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto him; now, in the fair world, when he is girding himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to him from the grave; but from the grave conquered. One from the tomb under Abarim, which *his* own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest which he had entered without seeing corruption."

On this I made a remark somewhat to the following effect; that I felt sure Mr. Ruskin regarded the loving work of the Father and of the Son to be *equal* in the forgiveness of sins and redemption of mankind; that what is done by the Father is in reality done also by the Son; and that it is by a mere accommodation to human infirmity of understanding that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed to us in language, inadequate indeed to convey divine truths, but still the only language possible; and I asked whether some such feeling was not present in his mind when he used the pronoun "*his*," in the above passage from "Modern Painters" of the Son, where it would be usually understood of the Father; and as a corollary, whether, in the letter, he does not himself fully recognize the fact of the redemption of the world by the loving self-sacrifice of the Son in entire concurrence with the equally loving will of the Father. This, as well as I can recollect, is the origin of the passage in the second paragraph in the seventh letter. — *Editor of Letters.*

few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's—not the Son's—kingdom, that they pray may come,—although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: "*For THINE is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.*" And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christians is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which he, risen and having all his enemies under his feet, is to surrender *his*, "that God may be all in all."

And, though the greatest, it is that everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour, knoweth none." But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed: we can sow of it; it is as a foam-globe of heaven: we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows; but truly, in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet have here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us, in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is NOT meat and drink," had even got so far as to the understanding that it was at least *as much*, and that until we had fed the hungry, there was no power in us to inspire the unhappy.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the "Life of Christ" you have sent me, in a private letter. I may say at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are!

## VIII.

BRANTWOOD, 9th August, 1879.

I WAS reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning by chance, and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort) whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title; but, whenever there is any good hot scolding or unpleasant ad-



vice given them by the prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.

"Ye have wearied the Lord with your words," (yes, and some of his people, too, in your time): "yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied him? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and he delighteth in them; or, Where is the God of judgment?"

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of our west ends of flourishing cities of the plain, ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will "curse their blessings, and spread dung upon their faces," or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in "corrupting the covenant of the Lord with Levi, and causing many to stumble at the law."

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the ends of the world are come, have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, their most earnest hearers have oftentimes on their lips: "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification, and following comfort and wealth; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there!

I say, especially, the most eager preachers; for nearly the whole missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an advocate with the Father;" while I have never yet, in my own experience, met either with a missionary or a town bishop who so much as professed himself "to understand what the will of the Lord"

was, far less to teach anybody else to do it; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard proclaiming the Mediator of the New Testament, that "they which were called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance," I have never yet heard so much as *one* heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph. v. 6), that "no covetous person which is an idolater hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God;" and on myself personally and publicly challenging the bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.\*

13th August.

I HAVE allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "priest" in the English Church (see Christopher Harvey, Grosart's edition, p. 38), because the assumption of the mediatorial, in defect of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfils itself, naturally and always, in their pretending to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin; and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes go up,—centres to the kingdoms and provinces of honor, virtue, and the knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of Heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy, while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any of the smallest particulars; and their clergy gather, each into himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.

\* *Fors Clavigera*, Letter lxxxii., p. 323.



BRANTWOOD, 12th August.

I AM very glad of your little note from Brighton. I thought it needless to send the two letters there, which you will find at home; and they pretty nearly end all I want to say; for the remaining clauses of the prayer touch on things too high for me. But I will send you one concluding letter about them.

IX.

BRANTWOOD, 19th August.

I RETAINED the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think it written in any haste or petulance: but it is every word of it deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer; for no words could be burning enough to tell the evils which have come on the world from men's using it thoughtlessly and blasphemously, praying God to give them what they are continually resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it.

Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation, the great pastoral order: "The man that will not work, neither should he eat;" and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners; and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them.

For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is that the great mass of men, calling themselves Christians, do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever: and the simple examination of the mode of the produce and consumption of European food—who digs for it, and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy.

In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown

to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread," is, in its fullness, the disciples', "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread,"—the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal: "Children, have ye here any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or "Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and giver of life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and giver of death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

X.

BRANTWOOD, 3d September.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have been very long before trying to say so much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies, when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge.

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *mis*-understanding it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking, by those who "wilfully sin after they have received the knowledge of the truth."

There is one very simple lesson also, needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced it may easily chance that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them cry out, in truth and in pain, "I have sinned against the Lord." But scarcely an hour of their happy days can pass over them

without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that they have “left undone the things that they ought to have done,” and giving them bitter and heavier cause to cry, and cry again—forever, in the pure words of their Master’s prayer, “*Dimitte nobis debita nostra.*”

In connection with the more accurate translation of “debts” rather than “trespasses,” it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations that in Christ’s own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: “I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat.”

But, whatever the manner of sin, by offence or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible, to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of prayer, after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, *at least* every Sunday morning at eleven o’clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure

and holy, leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that “there was no health in them”!

Among the much-rebuked follies and abuses of so-called “Ritualism,” none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly “Ritual” as this piece of authorized mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleeson, ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XI.

BRANTWOOD, 14th September, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLEESON,—The gentle words in your last letter referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what could not appear to the general mind Utopian in designs for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? and is not this last clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no temper to praise it? And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire, has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God’s blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us he has made previous arrangements to curse it; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, “Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full,” we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that “it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless,” and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than “Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty*”?

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that he in whose hand the king's heart is, as the rivers of water, would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys he taught them to seek would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing?

It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing,—that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call "opportunities") may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of "all these things" in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of "falling down to worship me" may be partly concealed by the shelter, and partly excused, as involuntary, by the pressure, of the concurrent crowd.

In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the kingdom, the power, and the glory, which are God's forever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be, indeed, Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may* come—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the Devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards heaven, he may at least say to the power of hell, "Get thee behind me;" and staying himself on the testimony of him who saith, "Surely I come quickly," ratify his happy prayer with the faithful "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever my dear friend, believe me affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

From The Argosy.

#### THE CURATE OF ST. MATTHEWS.

"No, Johnny Ludlow, I shall not stay at home, and have the deeds sent up and down by post. I know what lawyers are; so will you, sometime: this letter to be read and answered to-day; that paper to be digested and despatched back to-morrow—anything to enhance their bill of costs. I intend to be in London, on the spot; and so will you be, Mr. Johnny."

So said Mr. Brandon to me, as we sat in the bay-window at Crabb Cot, at which place we were staying. I was willing enough to go to London; liked the prospect beyond everything; but he was not well, and I thought of the trouble to him.

"Of course, sir, if you consider it necessary we should be there. But —"

"Now, Johnny Ludlow, I have told you my decision," he interrupted, cutting me short in all the determination of his squeaky little voice. "You go with me to London, sir, and we start on Monday morning next; and I daresay we shall be kept there a week. I know what lawyers are."

This happened when I came of age, twenty-one; but I should not be of age to my property for four more years: until then, Mr. Brandon remained my arbitrary guardian and trustee, just as strictly as he had been. Arbitrary so far as doing the right thing as trustee went, not suffering me, or anybody else, to squander a shilling. One small bit of property fell to me now,—a farm; and old Brandon was making as much legal commotion over the transfer of it from his custody to mine, as though it had been veined with gold. For this purpose, to execute the deeds of transfer, he meant to take up his quarters in London, to be on the spot with the lawyers who had it in hand, and to carry me up with him.

And what great events trivial chances bring about! Chances, as they are called. These "chances" are all in the hands of one Divine Ruler, who is ever shaping them to further his own wise ends. But for my going to London that time and staying there—however, I'll not let the cat out of the bag.

He stayed with us at Crabb Cot until the Monday, when we started for London; the squire and Tod coming to the station to see us off. Mr. Brandon wore a nankeen suit, and had a green veil in readiness. A green veil, if you'll believe me! The sun was under a cloud just

then; had been for the best part of the morning; but if it came out fiercely — Tod threw up his arms behind old Brandon's back, and gave me a grin and a whisper.

"I'd not be you for something, Johnny; he'll be taken for a lunatic."

"And mind you take care of yourself, sir," put in the squire, to me. "London is a dreadful place; full of temptations; and you are but an inexperienced boy, Johnny. Be cautious and watchful, lad; don't pick up any strange acquaintances in the streets; sharpers are on the watch to get you into conversation, and then swindle you out of all the money in your pockets. Be sure don't forget the little hamper for Miss Deveen; and —"

The puffing of the engine, as we started, drowned the rest. We reached Paddington smoothly and safely — and old Brandon did not once put on the veil. He took a cab to the Tavistock Hotel, and I another cab to Miss Deveen's.

For she had asked me to stay with her. Hearing of my probable visit to town through a letter of Helen Whitney's, she, ever kind, wrote at once, saying if I did go, I must make her house my home for the time, and that it would be a most delightful relief to the stagnation she and Miss Cattledon had been lately enjoying. Of course that was just her pleasant way of putting it.

The house looked just as it used to look; the clustering trees of the north-western suburb were as green and grateful to the tired eye as of yore; and Miss Deveen, in grey satin, received me with the same glad smile, and the warm kiss of welcome. I knew I was a favorite of hers; she once said there were few people in the world she liked as well as she liked me — which made me feel proud and grateful. "I should leave you a fortune, Johnny," she said to me that same day, "but that I know you have plenty of your own." And I begged her not to do anything of the kind; not to think of it: she must know a great many people to whom her money would be a godsend. She laughed at my earnestness, and told me I should be unselfish to the end.

We spent a quiet evening. The grey-haired curate, Mr. Lake, who had come in the first evening I ever spent at Miss Deveen's, years ago, came in again by invitation. "He is so modest," she had said to me, in those long-past years, "he never comes without being invited;" and he was modest still. His hair had been chestnut-colored once; it was half grey

and half chestnut now; and his face and voice were gentle, and his manners kindly. Cattledon was displaying her most gracious behavior, and thinnest waist; one of the roses I had brought up with the strawberries was sticking out of the body of her green silk gown. For at least half-a-dozen years she had been setting her cap at the curate — and I think she must have been endowed with supreme patience.

"If you do not particularly want me this morning, Miss Deveen, I think I will go over to service."

It was the next morning, and after breakfast. Cattledon had been downstairs, giving the orders for dinner — and said this on her return. Every morning she went through the ceremony of asking whether she was wanted, before attiring herself for church.

"Not I," cried Miss Deveen, with a half smile. "Go, and welcome, Jemima!"

I stood at the window listening to the ting-tang: the bell of St. Matthew's church could be called nothing else: and watched her pick her way across the road, just deluged by the water-cart. She wore a striped fawn-colored gown, cut straight up and down, which made her look all the thinner, and a straw bonnet and white veil. The church was on the other side of the wide road, lower down, but within view. Some stragglers went into it with Cattledon; not many.

"Does it pay to hold the daily morning service?"

"Pay?" repeated Miss Deveen, looking at me with an arch smile. And I felt ashamed of my inadvertent, hasty word.

"I mean, is the congregation sufficient to repay the trouble?"

"The congregation, Johnny, usually consists of some twenty people, a few more, or a few less, as may chance; and they are all young ladies," she added, the smile deepening to a laugh. "At least, unmarried ones; some are as old as Miss Cattledon. Two of them are widows of thirty-five: they are especially constant in attendance."

"They go after the curate," I said, laughing with Miss Deveen. "One year when Mr. Holland was ill, down with us, he had to take on a curate, and the young ladies ran after him."

"Yes, Johnny, the young ladies go after the curates; we have two of them. Mr. Lake is the permanent curate; he has been here, oh, twelve or thirteen years. He does the chief work, in the church and out of it; we have a great many

poor, as I think you know. The other curate is changed at least every year, and is generally a young deacon, fresh from college. Our rector is fond of giving young men their title to orders. The young fellow we have now is a nobleman's grandson, with more money in his pocket to waste on light gloves and hairwash than poor Mr. Lake dare spend on all his living."

"Mr. Lake seems to be a very good man."

"A better man never lived," returned Miss Deveen warmly, as she got up from the note she was writing, and came to my side. "Self-denying, anxious, painstaking; a true follower of his Master, a Christian to the very depths of his heart. He is one of those unobtrusive men whose merits are kept hidden from the world in general, who are content to work on patiently and silently in their path of duty, looking for no promotion, no reward here, because it seems to lie so very far away from their track."

"Is Mr. Lake poor?"

"Mr. Lake has just one hundred pounds a year, Johnny. It was what Mr. Selwyn offered him when he first came, and it has never been increased. William Lake told me one day," added Miss Deveen, "that he thought the hundred a year riches then. He was not a very young man; turned thirty; but his stipend in the country had been only fifty pounds a year. To have it doubled all at once, no doubt did seem like riches."

"Why does not the rector raise it?"

"The rector says he can't afford to do it. I believe Mr. Lake once plucked up courage to ask him for a small increase: but it was of no use. The living is worth six hundred a year, out of which the senior curate's stipend has to be paid; and Mr. Selwyn's family is expensive. His two sons are just leaving college. So, poor Mr. Lake has just plodded on with his hundred a year, and made it do. The rector wishes he could raise it: he knows his worth. During this prolonged illness of Mr. Selwyn's he has been most indefatigable."

"Is Mr. Selwyn ill?"

"Not very ill, but ailing. He has been so for two years. He generally preaches on a Sunday morning, but that is about all the duty he has been able to take. Mr. Lake is virtually the incumbent; he does everything, in the church and out of it."

"Without the pay," I remarked.

"Without the pay, Johnny. His hun-

dred a year, however, seems to suffice him. He never grumbles at it, never complains, is always contented and cheerful: and no doubt will be contented with it to the end."

"But—if he has no more than that, and no expectation of more, how is it that the ladies run after him? They *can't* expect him to marry upon a hundred a year."

"My dear Johnny, let a clergyman possess nothing but the white surplice on his back, the ladies would trot at his heels all the same. It comes naturally to them. They trust to future luck, you see; promotion is always possible, and they reckon upon it. I'm sure the way Mr. Lake gets run after is as good as a play. This young lady sends him a pair of slippers, her own work: that one embroiders a cushion for him: Cattledon painted a velvet fire-screen for him last year—'Oriental tinting.' You never saw a screen so gorgeous."

"Do you think he has—has—any idea of Miss Cattledon?"

"Just as much as he has of me," cried Miss Deveen. "He is kind and polite to her; as he is, naturally, to every one; but you may rely upon it he never gave her a word or a look that could be construed into anything warmer."

"How silly she must be!"

"Not more silly than the rest are. It is a mania, Johnny, and they all go in for it. Jemima Cattledon—stupid old thing!—cherishes hopes of Mr. Lake: a dozen others cherish the same. Most of them are worse than she is, for they course about the parish after him all day long. Cattledon never does that: with all her zeal, she does not forget that she is a gentlewoman; she meets him here, at my house, and she goes to church to see and hear him, but she does not race after him."

"Do you think he is aware of all this pursuit?"

"Well, he must be, in a degree; William Lake is not a simpleton. But the very hopelessness of his being able to marry must in his mind act as a counterbalance, and cause him to look upon it as a harmless pastime. How could he think any one of them in earnest, remembering his poor hundred pounds a year?"

Thus talking, the time slipped on, until we saw the congregation coming out of church. The service had taken just three-quarters of an hour.

"Young Chisholm has been reading the prayers to-day; I am sure of that," re-



marked Miss Deveen. "He gabbles them over as fast as a parrot."

The ladies congregated within the porch, and without: ostensibly to exchange compliments with one another; in reality to wait for the curates. The two appeared together: Mr. Lake quiet and thoughtful; Mr. Chisholm, a very tall, slim, empty-headed young fellow, smiling here, and shaking hands there, and ready to chatter with the lot.

For full five minutes they remained stationary. Some important subject of conversation had evidently been started, for they stood around Mr. Lake, listening to something he was saying. The pew-opener, a woman in a muslin cap, and the bell-ringer, an old man in a battered hat, halted on the outskirts of the throng.

"One or other of those damsels is sure to invent some grave question to discuss with him," laughed Miss Deveen. "Perhaps Betty Smith has been breaking out again. She gives more trouble, with her alternate repentings and her lapsings back to the tap-room, than all the rest of the old women put together."

Presently the group dispersed; some going one way, some another. Young Chisholm walked off at a smart pace, as if he meant to make a round of morning calls; the elder curate and Miss Cattle-don crossed the road together.

"His way home lies past our house," remarked Miss Deveen, "so that he often does cross the road with her. He lives at Mrs. Topcroft's."

"Mrs. Topcroft's! What a curious name."

"So it is, Johnny. But she is a curiously good woman—in my opinion; worth her weight in gold. Those young ladies yonder turn up their noses at her, calling her a 'lodging-letter.' They are jealous; that's the truth; jealous of her daughter, Emma Topcroft. Cattle-don, I know, thinks the young girl the one chief rival to be feared."

Mr. Lake passed the garden with a bow, raising his hat to Miss Deveen; and Cattle-don came in.

I went off, as quick as an omnibus could take me, to the Tavistock, being rather beyond time, and preparing for a blowing up from Mr. Brandon in consequence.

"Are you Mr. Ludlow, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Yes."

"Then Mr. Brandon left word that he was going down to Lincoln's Inn, sir; and if he is not back here at one o'clock

precisely, I was to say that you needn't come down again till to-morrow morning at ten."

I got into the Strand, and amused myself with looking at the shops, getting back to the hotel a few minutes after one. No; Mr. Brandon had not come in. Ali I could do was to leave Miss Deveen's note of invitation to dine with her—that day, or any other day that might be more convenient, or every day—and tell the man to be sure to give it him.

Then I went into the National Gallery, after getting some Bath buns at a pastry-cook's. It was between five and six when I returned to Miss Deveen's. Her carriage had just driven up; she and Cattle-don were alighting from it.

"I have a little commission to do yet at one of the shops in the neighborhood, and I may as well go about it now," remarked Miss Deveen. "Will you go with me, Johnny?"

Of course I said I would go; and Miss Cattle-don was sent indoors to fetch a small paper parcel that lay on the table in the blue room.

"It contains the patterns of some sewing-silks that I want to get," she added to me, as we stood waiting on the door-steps. "If —"

At that moment, out burst the ting-tang. Miss Deveen suddenly broke off what she was saying, and turned to look at the church.

"Do they have service at this hour?" I asked.

"Hush, Johnny! That bell is not going for service. Some one must be dead."

In truth, I heard that, even as she spoke. Three times three it struck out, followed by the sharp, quick strokes.

"That's the passing-bell!" exclaimed Cattle-don, coming quickly from the hall with the little packet in her hand. "Who can be dead? It hardly rings out once in a year."

For, it appeared, the bell at St. Matthew's did not in general toll for the dead: was not expected to do so. Our bell at Church Dykely rang out for anybody who could pay for it.

Waiting there on the steps, we saw Mr. Lake coming from the direction of the church. Miss Deveen walked down the broad path of her small front garden, and stood at the gate to wait for him.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Oh it is a grievous thing!" he cried, in answer, his gentle face pale, his blue eyes suppressing their tears. "It is no other

than my dear rector; my many years' friend!"

"The rector!" gasped Miss Deveen.

"Indeed it is. The complaint he suffered from has increased its symptoms lately, but no one thought of attaching to them the slightest danger. At two o'clock to-day he sent for me, saying he felt very ill. I found him so when I got there; ill, and troubled. He had taken a turn for the worse; and death—death," added Mr. Lake, pausing to command his voice, "was coming on rapidly."

Miss Deveen had turned as white as her point-lace collar. "He was troubled, you say?" she asked.

"In such a case as this—meeting death face to face unexpectedly—it is hardly possible not to be troubled, however truly we may have lived in preparation for it," answered the sad, soft voice of the curate. "Mr. Selwyn's chief perplexity lay in the fact that he had not settled his worldly affairs."

"Do you mean, not made his will?"

"Just so," nodded Mr. Lake; "he had meant to do so, he said to me, but had put it off from time to time. We got a lawyer in, and it was soon done; and—and—I stayed on with him afterwards to the end."

"Oh dear, it is a piteous tale," sighed Miss Deveen. "And his wife and daughters are away!"

"They went to Oxford last Saturday for a week; and the two sons are there, as you know. No one thought seriously of his illness. Even this morning, when I called upon him after breakfast, though he said he was not feeling well, and did not look well, such a thing as danger never occurred to me. And now he is dead!"

## II.

NEVER did a parson's death cause such a stir in a parish as poor Mr. Selwyn's did in this. A lively commotion set in. People flew about to one another's houses like chips in a gale of wind. Not only was the sorrow to himself to be discussed, but the uncertainty as to what would happen now. Some six months previously a church not far off, St. Peter's, which had rejoiced in three energetic curates, and as many daily services, suddenly changed its incumbent; the new one proved to be an elderly man with wife and children, who did all the duty himself, and cut off the curates and the week-day prayers. What if the like calamity should happen to St. Matthew's!

I was away most of the following day with Mr. Brandon, so was not in the thick of it, but the loss was made up for in the evening.

"Of course it is impossible to say who will get the living," cried Mrs. Jonas, one of the two widows already mentioned, who had been dining with Miss Deveen. "I know who ought to—and that is our dear Mr. Lake."

"Oughts' don't go for much in this world," growled Dr. Galliard, a sterling man, in spite of his gruffness. He had recently brought Cattleodon out of a bilious attack, and ran in this evening to see whether the cure lasted. "They go for nothing in the matter of Church patronage," continued he. "If Lake had his deserts, he'd be made incumbent of this living to-morrow: but he is as likely to get it as I am to get the lord chancellor's seals."

"Who would have done as Mr. Lake has done—given himself up solely and wholly to the duties of the church and the poor, for more years than I can count?" contended Mrs. Jonas, who was rich and positive, and wore this evening a black gauze dress, set off with purple grapes, and a spray of purple grapes in her black hair. "I say the living is due to him, and the lord chancellor ought to present him with it."

Dr. Galliard gave a short laugh. He was a widower, and immensely popular, nearly as much so as Mr. Lake. "Did you ever know a curate succeed to a living under the circumstances?" he demanded. "The lord chancellor has enough friends of his own, waiting to snap up anything that falls; be sure of that, Mrs. Jonas."

"Some dean will get it, I shouldn't wonder," cried Cattleodon. For at this time we were in the prime old days when a church dignitary might hold half a dozen snug things, if he could drop into them.

"Just so; a dean or some other luminary," nodded the doctor. "It is the province of great divines to shine like lights in the world, and of curates to toil on in obscurity. Well—God sees all things: and what is wrong in this world may be set right in the next."

"You speak of the lord chancellor," quietly put in Miss Deveen: "the living is not in his gift."

"Never said it was—was speaking generally," returned the doctor. "The patron of the living is some other great man, nobleman, or what not, living down in the country."

"In Staffordshire, I think," said Miss Deveen, with hesitation, not being sure of her memory. "He is a baronet, I believe; but I forget his name."

"All the same, ma'am: there's no more chance for poor Lake with him than with the lord chancellor," returned Dr. Galliard. "Private patrons are worse beset, when a piece of preferment falls in, than even public ones."

"Suppose the parish were to get up a petition, setting forth Mr. Lake's merits and claims, and present it to the patron?" suggested Mrs. Jonas. "Not, I daresay, that it would be of much use."

"Not the slightest use; you may rely upon that," spoke the doctor, in his decisive way. "Lake's best chance is to get taken on by the new man, and stand out for a higher salary."

Certainly it seemed to be his best and only chance of getting any good out of the matter. But it was just as likely he would be turned adrift.

The next day we met Mrs. Jonas in the King's Road. She had rather a down look as she accosted Miss Deveen.

"Nobody seems willing to bestir themselves about a petition; they say it is so very hopeless. And there's a rumor abroad that the living is already given away."

"To whom is it given?" asked Miss Deveen.

"Well, not to a Very Reverend Dean, as Miss Cattledon suggested last night, but to somebody as bad—or good: one of the canons of St. Paul's. I daresay it's true. How hard it is on Mr. Lake! How hard it must seem to him!"

"He may stay here as curate, then."

"Never you expect that," contended Mrs. Jonas, her face reddening with zeal. "These cathedral luminaries have invariably lots of their own circle to provide for."

"Do you not think it will seem hard on Mr. Lake?" I said to Miss Deveen, as we left the little widow, and walked on.

"I do, Johnny Ludlow. I do think he ought to have it; that in right and justice no one has so great a claim to it as he," she impressively answered. "But, as Dr. Galliard says, 'oughts' go for nothing in Church patronage. William Lake is a good, earnest, intellectual man; he has grown grey in the service of the parish, and yet, now that the living is vacant, he has no more chance of it than that silly young Chisholm has—not half as much, I daresay, if the young fellow were but in priest's orders. It is but a common case:

scores of curates who have to work on, neglected, to their lives' end could testify to it. Here we are, Johnny. This is Mrs. Topcroft's."

Knocking at the house-door—a small house standing ever so far back from the road—we were shown by a young servant into a pleasant parlor. Emma Topcroft, a merry, bright, laughing girl, of eighteen or nineteen, sat there at work with silks and black velvet. If I had the choice given me between her and Miss Cattledon, thought I, as Mr. Lake seems to have, I know which of the two I should choose.

"Mamma is making a rice pudding in the kitchen," she said, spreading her work out on the table for Miss Deveen to see.

"You are doing it very nicely, Emma. And I have brought you the fresh silks. I could not get them before: they had to send the patterns into town. Is the other screen begun?"

"Oh, yes; and half done," answered Emma, briskly, as she opened the drawer of a work-table, and began unfolding another square of velvet from its tissue paper. "I do the sober colors in both screens first, and leave the bright ones till last. Here's the mother."

Mrs. Topcroft came in, turning down her sleeves at the wrist; a little woman, quite elderly. I liked her the moment I saw her. She was homely and motherly, with the voice and manners of a lady.

"I came to bring Emma the silks, and to see how the work was getting on," said Miss Deveen as she shook hands. "And, what a grievous thing this is about Mr. Selwyn!"

Mrs. Topcroft lifted her hands pittingly. "It has made Mr. Lake quite ill," she answered; "I can see it. And"—dropping her voice—"they say there will be little, or nothing, for Mrs. Selwyn and the children."

"Yes there will; though perhaps not much," corrected Miss Deveen. "Mrs. Selwyn has two hundred a year of her own. I happen to know it."

"I am very thankful to hear that: we were fearing the worst. I wonder," added Mrs. Topcroft, "if this will take Mr. Lake from us?"

"Probably. We cannot tell yet. People are saying he ought to have the living if it went by merit: but there's not any hope of that."

"Not any," acquiesced Mrs. Topcroft, shaking her head. "It does seem unjust: that a clergyman should wear out all his best days toiling for a church, and

be passed over at last as not worth a consideration."

"It is the way of the world."

"Nobody knows his worth," went on Mrs. Topcroft. "So patient, so good, so self-denying; and so anxious for the poor and sick, and for all the ill-doers who seem to be going wrong. I don't believe there are many men in this world so good as he. All he can scrape and save out of his narrow income he gives away, denying himself necessities to be able to do it: Mr. Selwyn, you know, has given nothing. It has been said he grudged even the communion money."

That was Mrs. Topcroft's report of Mr. Lake; and she ought to know. He had boarded with her long enough. He had the bedroom over the best parlor; and the little den of a back parlor was given over to his own use, in which he saw his parishioners and wrote his sermons.

"They come from the same village in the west of England," said Miss Deveen to me as we walked homewards. "Mr. Lake's father was curate of the place, and Mrs. Topcroft's people are the doctors: her brothers are in practice now. When she was left a widow upon a very slender income, and settled down in this little house, Mr. Lake came to board with her. He pays a guinea a week only; but Mrs. Topcroft has told me that it pays her amply and she could not have got along without it. The housekeeping is, of necessity, economical: and that suits the pocket on both sides."

"I like Mrs. Topcroft. And she seems quite a lady, though she is poor."

"She is quite a lady, Johnny. Her husband was a civil engineer, very clever; but for his early death he might have become as renowned as his master, Sir John Rennie. The son, he is several years older than Emma, is in the same profession, steady and diligent, and he gains a fair salary now, which of course helps his mother. He is at home night and morning."

"Do you suppose that Mr. Lake thinks of Emma?"

Miss Deveen laughed—as if the matter were a standing joke in her mind. "I do not suppose it, Johnny. I never saw the smallest cause to lead me to suppose it: she is too much of a child. Such a thing never would have been thought of but for the jealous suspicions of the parish—I mean, of course, our young ladies in it. Because Emma Topcroft is a nice-looking and attractive girl, and because

Mr. Lake lives in her companionship, these young women must needs get up the notion. And they despise the Topcrofts accordingly, and turn the cold shoulder on them."

It had struck me that Emma Topcroft must be doing those screens for Miss Deveen. I asked her.

"She is doing them for me in one sense, Johnny," was the answer. "Being an individual of note, you see"—and Miss Deveen laughed again—"that is, my income being known to be a good one, and being magnified by the public into something fabulous, I have to pay the penalty of greatness. Hardly a week passes but I am solicited to become the patroness of some bazaar, not to speak of other charities, or at least to contribute articles for sale. So I buy materials and get Emma Topcroft to convert them into nicknacks. Working flowers upon velvet for banner screens, as she is doing now; or painting flowers upon cardboard for baskets or boxes, which she does nicely, and such like various things. Two ehds are thus served: Emma makes a pretty little income, nearly enough for her clothes, and the bazaars get the work when it is finished, and sell it for their own benefit."

"It is very good of you, Miss Deveen."

"Good! Nay, don't say that, Johnny," she continued, in a reproving tone. "Those whom Heaven has blessed with ample means must remember that they will have to render an account of their stewardship. Trifles, such as these, are but odds and ends, not to be thought of, beside what I ought to do—and try to do."

That same evening Mr. Lake came in, unexpectedly. He called to say that the funeral was fixed for Saturday, and that a portion of the burial service would be read in the church here, before starting for the cemetery: Mrs. Selwyn wished it so.

"I hear that the parish began to indulge a hope that you would be allowed to succeed Mr. Selwyn," Miss Deveen observed to him as he was leaving; "but——"

"I!" he exclaimed, interrupting her in genuine surprise, a transient flush rising to his face. "What, succeed to the living! How could any one think of such a thing for a moment? Why, Miss Deveen, I do not possess any interest: not the slightest in the world. I do not even know Sir Robert Tenby. It is not likely he has ever heard my name."

"Sir Robert Tenby!" I cried, pricking

up my ears. "Is Sir Robert Tenby the patron?"

"Yes. His country-seat is in Worcestershire?"

"Do you know him, Johnny?" asked Miss Deveen.

"A little; not much. Bellwood is near Crabb Cot. I used often to see his wife when she was Anne Lewis: we were great friends. She was a very nice girl."

"A *girl*, Johnny! Is she younger than he is?"

"Young enough to be his daughter."

"But I was about to say," added Miss Deveen to the curate, "that I fear there can be no chance for you, if this report, that the living is already given away, be correct. I wish it had been otherwise."

"There could be no chance for me in any case, dear Miss Deveen; there's no chance for any one so unknown and obscure as I am," he returned, suppressing a sigh as he shook her hand. "Thank you all the same for your kind wishes."

How long I lay awake that night I don't care to recall. An extraordinary idea had taken possession of me. If somebody would but tell Sir Robert Tenby of the merits of this good man, he might be so impressed as to give him the living. We were not sure about the canon of St. Paul's: he might be a myth, as far as our church went.

Yes, these ideas were all very well; but who would presume to do it? The mice, you know, wanted to bell the cat, but none of them could be got to undertake the task.

Down I went in the morning to Mr. Brandon as soon as breakfast was over. I found him in his sitting-room at his breakfast: dry toast, and tea without milk; a yellow silk handkerchief thrown corner-wise over his head, and his face looking green. He had a bilious attack coming on, he said, and thought he had taken a slight cold.

Now I don't want to disparage Mr. Brandon's merits. In some things he was as good as gold. But when he fell into these fanciful attacks he was not practically worth a rush. It was hardly a propitious moment for the scheme I had in my head; but, unfortunately, there was no time to lose: I must speak then or not at all. Down I sat, and told my tale. Old Brandon, sipping his tea by spoonfuls, listened, and stared at me with his little eyes.

"And you have been getting up in your brain the Utopian scheme that Sir Robert Tenby would put this curate into the

living! and want me to propose it to him! Is *that* what you mean, young man?"

"Yes, sir. Sir Robert would listen to you. You are friendly with him, and he is in town. Won't you, please, do it?"

"Not if I know it, Johnny Ludlow. Solicit Robert Tenby to give the living to a man I never heard of: a man I know nothing about! What notions you pick up!"

"Mr. Lake is so good and so painstaking," I urged. "He has been working all these years —"

"You have said all that before," interrupted old Brandon, shifting the silk handkerchief on his head more to one side. "I can't answer for it, you know. And, if I could, I should not consider myself justified in troubling Sir Robert."

"What I thought was this, sir: that, if he got to know all Mr. Lake is, he might be *glad* to give him the living: glad of an opportunity to do a good and kind act. I did not think of your asking him to give the living; only to tell him of Mr. Lake, and what he has done and been. He lives only in Upper Brook Street. It would not be far for you to go, sir."

"I should not go if he lived here at the next door, Johnny Ludlow: should not be justified in going on such an errand. Go yourself."

"I don't like to, sir."

"He'd not eat you; he'd only laugh at you. Robert Tenby would excuse in a silly lad what he might deem an impertinence from me. There, Johnny; let it end."

And there it had to end. When old Brandon took up an idea he was hard as adamant.

I stood at the hotel door wishing I could screw up courage to call at Sir Robert's, but shrinking from it terribly. Then I thought of poor Mr. Lake, and that there was nobody else to tell about him; and at last I started for Upper Brook Street.

"Is Lady Tenby at home?" I asked, when I got to the door.

"Yes, sir." And the man showed me into a room where Lady Tenby sat, teaching her little boy to walk.

She was just the same kind and simple-mannered woman that she had been as Anne Lewis. Putting both her hands into mine, she said how glad she was to see me in London, and held out the child to be kissed. I explained my errand, and my unwillingness to come; saying I could venture to tell her all about it better than I could tell Sir Robert.

She laughed merrily. "He is not any



more formidable than I am, Johnny; he is not the least bit so in the world. You shall see whether he is"—opening the door of the next room. "Robert," she called out in glee, "Johnny Ludlow is here, and is saying you are an ogre. He wants to tell you something, and can't pluck up courage to do it."

Sir Robert Tenby came in, the *Times* in his hand, and a smile on his face: the same kind, rugged, homely face that I knew well. He shook hands with me, asking if I wanted his interest to be made prime minister.

And somehow, what with their kindness and their thorough, cordial homeliness, I lost my fears. In two minutes I had plunged into the tale, Sir Robert sitting near me with his elbow on the table, and Anne beside him, her quiet baby on her knee.

"I thought it so great a pity, sir, that you should not hear about Mr. Lake: how hard he has worked for years, and what a good and self-denying man he is," I concluded at last, after telling what Miss Deveen thought of him, and what Mrs. Topcroft said. "Not, of course, that I could presume to suggest such a thing, sir, as that you should bestow upon him the living—only to let you know there was a man so deserving, if—if it was not given already. It is said in the parish that the living is given."

"Is this Mr. Lake a good preacher?" asked Sir Robert, when I paused.

"They say he is one of the best and most earnest of preachers, sir. I have not heard him; Mr. Selwyn generally preached."

"Does he know of your application to me?"

"Why, no, Sir Robert, of course not! I could not have had the face to tell anybody I as much as wished to make it. Except Mr. Brandon. I spoke to him because I wanted him to come instead of me."

Sir Robert smiled. "And he would not come, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no: he asked me whether I thought we lived in Utopia. He said I might come if I chose—that what would be only laughed at in a silly boy like me, might be deemed impertinence in him."

The interview came to an end. Anne said she hoped I should dine with them while I was in town—and Mr. Brandon also, Sir Robert added; and with that I came out. Came out just as wise as I had gone in; for never a word of hope did Sir Robert give. For all he intimated to the

contrary, the living might be already in the hands of the canon of St. Paul's.

Two events happened the next day, Saturday. The funeral of the rector, and the departure of Miss Cattleton for Chelmsford, in Essex. An aunt of hers who lived there was taken dangerously ill, and sent for her by telegram. Mr. Brandon came up to dine with us in the evening—But that's neither here nor there.

### III.

I SAT in Miss Deveen's pew at church with herself on the Sunday morning; she wore black silk out of respect to the late rector. Mr. Lake and the young deacon, who had a luxuriant crop of yellow hair, had put on black gloves. The church was full; all the world and his wife seemed to have come to it; and the parsons' surplices stood on end with starch.

Mr. Lake was in the reading-desk; it caused, I think, some surprise—could that yellow-haired nonentity of a young dandy be going to preach? He stood at the communion-table, looking interesting, and evidently suffering from a frightful cold; which cold, as we found later, was the reason that Mr. Lake took nearly all the service himself.

What a contrast they were! The simpering, empty-faced young deacon, who was tall and slender as a lamp-post, and had really not much more brains than one; and the thoughtful, earnest, middle-aged priest, with the sad look on his gentle face. Nothing could be more impressive than his reading of the prayers; they were prayed, not read; and his voice was one of those persuasive, musical voices you don't often hear. That other young man's was gruff as a raven's to-day, coming up from his chest in gasps, like puffs from a small steam-engine. If Sir Robert Tenby could but hear this reading! I sighed, as Mr. Lake went through the litany.

Hardly had the thought crossed my mind, when some commotion in the church caused most of us to turn round: a lady was fainting. But for that, I might never have seen what I did see. In the next pew, right behind ours, sat Sir Robert and Lady Tenby. So surprised was I that I could not for the moment believe my eyes, and simply stared at them. Anne caught the look, and smiled at me.

Was it a good omen? I took it to be one. If Sir Robert had no thought of Mr. Lake, or if the living was already given to that canon, why should he have come all

this way to hear him? I recalled the Sunday, years ago now, when Sir Robert had sat in his own pew at Timberdale, listening attentively to Herbert Tanerton's reading and preaching, deliberating within his mind—I know I thought so then—whether he should bestow upon him the living of Timberdale, or not; whether Herbert was worthy of it. Sir Robert did give it to him; and I somehow took it for an earnest that he might give this one to Mr. Lake.

Meanwhile Mr. Lake ascended the pulpit stairs in his black gown, and began his sermon; supremely unconscious that the patron of the church was just in front of him, looking and listening. Nobody present knew Sir Robert and Lady Tenby.

You should have heard that sermon: all its earnest eloquence, its sound piety, its practical application, and its quiet, impressive delivery. It was not exactly a funeral sermon; but when he spoke of the late rector, who had been so unexpectedly taken away, and whose place in this world could know him no more, hardly a dry eye was in the church; and if he himself had not once or twice paused to call up his equanimity, his own eyes would not have been dry, either. I was glad Sir Robert heard it. It was a sermon to be remembered for all time.

Miss Deveen waited in her pew until the people had mostly gone; she did not like being in a crowd. The Tenbys waited also. In the porch Anne put her hand upon my arm, speaking in a whisper.

"That is Miss Deveen, I suppose, Johnny? What a nice face she has! What a fine, handsome woman she is! How good she looks!"

"She is good, very. I wish I might introduce her to you."

"That's just what I was going to ask you to do, Johnny. My husband would like to speak with her."

I did it outside in the churchyard. After speaking together for a minute or two, Miss Deveen invited them to step into her house, pointing to it that they might see it was close by. Sir Robert walked on by her side, I behind with Anne. An open carriage was pacing in the road, the servants wearing the Tenby livery: people turned to look at it, wondering whose grand carriage it was. As we went slowly onwards Mr. Lake overtook us. He did not stop, only lifted his hat to Miss Deveen in passing; but she arrested him to ask after Mrs. Selwyn.

"Oh, she is very ill, very sad," he an-

swered, in a tone as if the sorrow were his own. "And at present I fear there's nothing for her but to bear; to bear as she best may: not yet can she open her heart to consolation."

Miss Deveen said no more, and he walked on. It struck me she had only stopped him that Sir Robert might see him face to face. Being a shrewd woman, it could not be but that she argued good from this unexpected visit. And she knew I had been to them.

They would not stay to take lunch, which was on the table when we went in. Anne said she must get home to her baby: not the young shaver I saw; a little girl a month or two old. Sir Robert spared a few minutes to shut himself up in the drawing-room with Miss Deveen; and then the carriage whirled them off.

"I hope he was asking you about Mr. Lake?" I said impulsively.

"That is just what he was asking, Johnny," replied Miss Deveen. "He came here this morning, intending to question me. He is very favorably impressed with William Lake; I can see that: and he said he had never heard a better sermon, rarely one as good."

"I dare say that canon of St. Paul's is all an invention! Perhaps Mrs. Jonas went to sleep and dreamed it."

"It is certainly not fact," laughed Miss Deveen. "Sir Robert tells me he does not as much as know any one of the canons by sight."

"He did not tell you he should give it to Mr. Lake?"

"No, Johnny: neither did he give me any grounds for supposing that he would. He is a very cautious man; I can see that; conscientiously wishing to do right, and act for the best. We must say nothing of this abroad, remember."

The Reverend William Lake sat down to his breakfast on Monday morning, as the clock was striking half past nine. He had been called out to baptize a sick baby and pray by its dying mother. Pouring himself out a cup of tea, buttering his first slice of dry toast, and cracking his egg, for that's what his breakfast consisted of, he took up a letter lying on the table, which had come by the morning post. Opening it presently, he found it to contain a request from Sir Robert Tenby that he would call upon him that morning at eleven o'clock, in Upper Brook Street.

"Sir Robert Tenby cannot know of our daily service," thought the clergyman,

after reading the note twice over, and wondering what he was wanted for; he having no knowledge of the tide of affairs, no more notion that Sir Robert had been at the church the previous day than that the man in the moon was there. "I must ask Chisholm to take the service this morning."

Accordingly, his breakfast over, and a sprucer coat put on, he went to the deacon's lodgings — handsome rooms in a good house. That young divine was just beginning breakfast, the table being laid with toasted ham and poached eggs, and potted meats, and hot, buttered muffins, and all kinds of nice things, presenting a contrast to the frugal one Mr. Lake had just got up from.

"Took an extra snooze in bed to nurse myself," cried the young man, in semi-apology for the lateness of the meal, as he poured out a frothing cup of chocolate. "My cold? — oh, it's better."

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Lake. "I want you to take the service this morning."

"What, do it all?"

"If you will be so good. I have got a note here from Sir Robert Tenby, asking me to call upon him at eleven o'clock. I can't think what he wants."

"Sir Robert Tenby? That's the patron! Oh, I dare say it's only to talk about the Selwyns; or to tell you to take the duty until somebody's appointed to the living."

"Ay," replied Mr. Lake. And he had no other thought, no idea of self-benefit, when he started off to walk to Upper Brook Street.

An hour later, seated in Sir Robert's library, enlightenment came to him. After talking with him for some time, questioning him of his Church views and principles, hearing somewhat of his past career and of what he had formerly done at Cambridge, to all of which he gave answers that were especially pleasing to the patron's ear, Sir Robert imparted to him the astounding fact that he — *he!* — was to be the new rector.

William Lake sat, the picture of astonishment, wondering whether his ears were playing him false.

"I!" he exclaimed, scarcely above his breath. "I never thought of myself. I can hardly believe — believe — pardon me, Sir Robert — is there no mistake?"

"No mistake so far as I am concerned," replied Sir Robert, suppressing a smile. "I have heard of your many years' services at St. Matthew's, and of your worth.

I do not think I could bestow it upon one who deserves it better than you — if as well. The living is yours, if you will accept it."

"You are very kind, sir," gasped the curate, not in the least recovering his senses. "May I presume to ask who it is that has been so kind as to speak of me?"

"The person from whom I first heard of you was young Johnny Ludlow," smiled Sir Robert. "Mr. Johnny presented himself to me here last Friday, in a state of inward commotion, not having been able to get anybody else to come, evidently thinking, though not saying, that I should commit an act of singular injustice if the living did not find its way to one who, by dint of his hard and earnest work, so richly deserved it."

The tears stood in William Lake's eyes. "I can only thank you, sir, truly and fervently. I have no other means of testifying my gratitude — save by striving ever to do my duty untiringly, under my Lord and Master."

"I am sure you will do it," spoke Sir Robert, impulsively — and he was not a man of impulse in general. "You are not a married man, I believe?"

A faint red light came into the curate's cheeks. "I have not had the means to marry, Sir Robert. It has seemed to me, until this morning, that I never should have them."

"Well, you can marry now," was the laughing rejoinder; "I dare say you will." And the faint light deepened to two scarlet spots, as the curate heard it.

"Shall you give him the living, Robert?" asked Anne, when Mr. Lake had departed.

"Yes, love."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### LIFE IN BRITTANY.

I AM not a traveller or a tourist, but a resident, and I don't sit down to write an article, a journal, or a book; I only feel that I must give expression to my feelings, and therefore I talk on paper.

This life is still new to me; it possesses all the attractions of surprise. The day will come when I shall find it difficult to describe common things around me, because they will appear so common that they will seem to be unworthy of notice. Yet, after all, these common things make up life; and it is precisely these common

things which English people want to know, so I write them down while I can appreciate and realize them.

I cannot see the sea as I write, because my window looks into the garden, and at the end of the garden there is an artificial bank with a raised walk on the top of it, constructed partly to keep back the waves at high tides, and partly for the sake of the walk, which (placed on the top) gives a good view of the sea. But I am so near to the sea that, whenever I like, I open the garden-door, and emerge ready for a plunge into it; only I look out for tides, because at low water there is a quarter of a mile of mud between me and the briny deep. When the tide comes in, it not only covers the mud but runs up over the beautiful sand which lies outside my garden-gate, where like a merman I can roll and bask and comb my hair (by-the-bye, I doubt whether there ever were any *mermans*, and whether they ever had long hair, but let that pass). Mine is an inner bay; outside roll the waves of the Bay of Biscay. My sea, *à moi*, borders on a *parc aux huîtres*, or (as it is written on the boards which mark its boundaries) *parc à huîtres*, belonging to the French government, which is kept up as a feeder for all the rivers, estuaries, and other possible spots where oysters can be sown by a paternal government.

I went to inspect this *parc* a day or two ago, and now consider myself quite learned in the matter of oysters, so I will put down what I learned. Of course I saw it at low water, for the whole affair is down in the deep at high water.

First there are a series of walls about two feet high and eighteen inches broad, which appear to be constructed to keep the peace among the oysters, or in other words to prevent currents and storms disturbing their tranquil lives. Inside these walls are a series of little houses, constructed rapidly, by putting together — much as soldiers stack their muskets — half-a-dozen rather narrow tiles thickly covered with lime.

These tiles receive the milk or spat of the older oysters, which, adhering to them, remains and grows into the oysters which some day are to be carried away as seed, or as future mothers in a future bed. I saw oysters at all stages of their growth; tiny little specks of this year, babies a year old, young people of two years, and others ready for eating or deporting, of three, four, and five years' growth. As a rule, they are not eaten until they are three years old, but dredgers would not

reject those of two years, although at that age they would be small. Oysters are quiet people, and only ask to be left alone. They never move from the spot upon which they are deposited, yet like all other quiet people they have very unquiet enemies, which not only disturb their lives, but even destroy them. One of these enemies is sought for with great eagerness by the guardian of the *parc*, as it is most deadly, and devastates his beds. It is a small whelk (called *Luskina Bigourneau*) in a spiral shell, which fastens on and bores a hole through the shell until it reaches the oyster, upon which it feeds until there is no more oyster left. I saw many of the shells of the unfortunates which had been thus penetrated and devoured, and I saw several of the little whelks which had killed them. They did not appear to possess any weapons, or to be anything but little innocents; such is the deceptive character of the outside appearance both of men and fishes.

Some fifty or eighty women work daily at low tide amongst these oysters, yet the bed is not well cultivated. It yields a profit, if you calculate the market value of the oysters exported, but it would yield a far larger profit if properly worked, as doubtless it would be worked by a private individual; by which it appears that governmental control is not always the most profitable.

Now come inside my garden. First look at my pleasure-garden. It is elaborately laid out with lawns and fountains and beds, but like all other ideal plans, it has yielded to the necessities of actual French life. The lawns have been utilized for the growth of hay for the horses and cows. The fountain was once supplied by a cistern on the roof of the kitchen, but it leaked and made the house damp, so it was removed, and the pipes, taps, and empty fountain give an expression to an idea rather than a reality. All round the fountain are beds with pear-trees as sentinels, looking continually into the empty reservoir. Pear and apple trees stand also marshalled round all the walks, and flowers grow in happy disorder, sometimes in the beds, sometimes in the paths; while the strawberries have crept up into the lawns and sprinkle the hay for the horses and cows.

It is, perhaps, difficult to understand the plan of this my flower-garden, but it is like a courtyard of an ancient castle enclosed within an earthen rampart upon which there is a broad walk.

My kitchen-garden is very large indeed, and contains such a wealth of strawberries and asparagus as I have never before beheld. Day after day we send twenty-five or thirty pounds' weight to market, and yet we eat them ourselves all day long, and give them in great quantities to our neighbors. I could linger long over these gardens, but as I want to keep you in good humor, so that you may love this Brittany of ours with its picturesque scenery and still more picturesque inhabitants, I pass on.

A few days ago, under press of circumstances, and because I could not secure our regular marketer, I sent my *garçon* Thoma to the city ten miles away with a large basket of strawberries for sale. He left here about four o'clock in the morning, arrived at the town before the market-hour, sold his strawberries, and ought to have been back here about 10 A.M. Instead of which, Thoma, who is a sailor and jack-of-all-trades, who wears a sort of sailors' guernsey and talks a *patois* between French and Breton, got into temptation and fell.

Drink did it all. Drink lays low the greater part of our poor Bretons. One sees more people helplessly drunk or maudlin drunk here far away from towns in these rural abodes, than even in England; only they are for the most part quiet; they neither swear nor fight.

Poor Thoma kicked quite over the traces. Perhaps he had felt too much of the Englishman's yoke; perhaps he had done enough work for a month or more. At any rate, he drank, then engaged himself to marry a dirty little ugly woman who did his washing (that is, when he did not do it himself), and finally he bolted with all my strawberry money, and I have not seen him since. I am grieved, not on account of the money, for I owed him as much in wages, but because, now my poor Thoma is gone, I have no sailor for my boat, no one so utterly droll, or so beautifully picturesque to look at and laugh. For Thoma was the most slippery sailor, the most idle fellow in the world. He never did half a day's work while I had him. He waited till my back was turned and then left spade, vessel, rope, or barrow without attempting even to put tools away. Only in one way was he ever working happily, and that was the way he knew was wrong. Under such circumstances he would display an energy worthy of a better cause. Once he went with me to buy a little pleasure yacht, but before meeting the owner he agreed with

me that he would only give his opinion in sly winks. We went on board with the owner, who pointed out the various good points of his vessel, constantly appealing to Thoma for confirmation and always being backed up by my *garçon*, but when the owner for an instant turned his back, Thoma screwed up his face into all sorts of contortions and managed to convey to me his disapproval of the purchase.

Our other servant is also an experiment, and a failure. The servant difficulty not only exists here as elsewhere, but it is aggravated by the independence of the people and their exceedingly dirty habits. Very few country girls care to go out to service, in fact, scarcely any at all. Here in the country we are driven into the towns for servants. The women work on the land as hard or harder than the men; moreover, they prefer their independent life to service; they like better to dig, or hoe, or weed, or get together the seaweed for manure, in dirty clothes and sabots, than to submit to the neatness and respectability of domestic life. They are also in demand for wives. The peasants marry when mere boys, without any apparent means of living, trusting to Providence, and at worst content with black rye bread and a lick of greasy soup. Our Jacquette is a *jeune fille*, which is the French euphemistic expression for an old maid. She will never see fifty-five again, if she be not quite sixty; yet, when I asked if she were *veuve*, I was told she is a *jeune fille*. She is honest as daylight, which is more than I can say for most Bretons, who are pilferers, not robbers, at least in these parts. She is economical to a fault; wastes nothing, almost eats nothing; keeps the men on soup made of greasy water and bits of bread, and puts even water used in cooking into the universal soup. Yesterday she sent in the peas with a lot of green-looking water, which one of our party, disliking, took into the kitchen to pour away; Jacquette requested as a favor that it might be put into her own particular plate of soup, and it was. But Jacquette never washes, or, if she does wash, she does not conquer her dirt. She is dirty in person and dirty in cooking our food. She is a bad cook, and smokes everything she cooks. She potters about all day, yet does not even keep the rooms clean. Upon the ladies falls almost all the household work. Why then do we keep Jacquette? First and foremost because we cannot get a better; next, because we like her very much for



her good qualities; and lastly, because when once we told her to go in a week, the dear old thing was so meek, so patient, so enduring that we almost wept for her, and kept her on. Just now I hear her shrill voice talking to little Marie, the farmer's daughter, in the kitchen. Marie goes just where she likes, and does just what she likes. She is an only child, not three years old. Her little brother Jean died just as we were moving in. Marie is very pretty but also very dirty. She wanders about in sunshine and storm, early and late, with her father, mother, or grandmother. She pulls up plants, treads down seeds, walks knee-deep in manure; and, no matter how clean she may start, she makes herself into a little pig in half an hour. The ladies make a great pet of Marie, for we have no little ones here. Marie knows her power, talks French, plays at bo-peep with us, has rather an awe of monsieur and his great pipe; but still, even with him, pops round the corner and cries "coocoo." Yesterday, madame was playing with her some time, then turned her out into the garden, shut the door and went up-stairs, thinking all below snug and safe. In an hour or less she went down to her *salon* again, and found Marie seated amidst all her knick-knacks and books, which she had removed from the tables on to the floor, and made into a heap of unutterable confusion. Ere a word could be spoken, Marie burst into a scream. She knew that she was naughty, and no reproach could be levelled at her because of her noise. However, she was put out in disgrace, well scolded by Jacqueline, and presently came in very prettily to say, "*Pardonnez moi, madame; pardonnez-moi.*" (Jacquette has just passed my window, in an old, close-fitting nightcap, with a patched petticoat and dirty face.)

Marie can look just like a pretty Dutch doll, when she is washed and dressed. She wears long clothes, just like her mother, only longer, with a tight-fitting square skull-cap embroidered with gold. Under such circumstances the little lady is proud enough, I can tell you. She has a droll way too of referring to her dead brother, who was younger than herself. If she does not like her food, she requests that it may be given to Jean. Yesterday she declared that Jean had moved the articles in madame's room. Poor little Jean (if he had lived) would, I fear, have experienced what most younger brothers experience from their elder sisters—a great deal of bullying.

I hear Jean's step; he is going in to dinner; it is twelve o'clock. Poor Jean! he is a dying man. He is in a consumption, and will not live another year. He is one of the best specimens of a Breton farmer; yet hardly a fair specimen, as he speaks French, has been in the army, served in Algeria, got taken prisoner by the Germans, and is most intelligent. He attributes his sickness to ill-treatment in the army, and to German prisons. Really they do treat their soldiers in France in a most brutal way. If such things occurred in England, all the press would ring with them; Parliament would be set aflame, dinner-tables discuss them. This poor fellow (in a galloping decline) is in the territorial reserve, which made it incumbent on him to go to our town, and pass fifteen days in barracks. He is so ill that he got a medical certificate, upon which he relied to get excused, and he was excused, but not until he had spent two days in barracks, almost without food, and sleeping on the floor. He went in on Thursday noon, and never got any food till Friday night; and he says this was so with all the others, and is generally so in the French army. Jean is about thirty years of age, has a nice wife, and little Marie is his daughter. He has land of his own, but lets it, preferring to farm, at a rental of 10*l.* a year, the eight acres which belong to this *château*. All that I have said of Jean will show that I am not anxious to run down the Breton farmer; so now, if I say a little more, you must take it as arising from a great desire to tell you the whole truth about our life in Brittany. Jean is, in two respects, a typical man; a fair representative of his class. He is greedy of money, and he does not mind little acts of dishonesty in order to gain the money he covets. By the nature of his tenancy, he holds half the stables, half the coach-houses, half the various out-buildings. He will now and then make a mistake about the hay, and give some of mine to his own horse; he will, if he can, help himself to a little out of my gardens. When he goes to market for me, he takes something of his own at the same time, so as to mix up matters, and make calculation or detection of petty thefts difficult. This I know, because I have several times been to market myself, and always brought home more money than Jean is pleased to give me.

Yvonne, Jean's wife, is a well-built woman, large, muscular, of the Breton type, and fairly good-looking. She is pleasant

of speech and can talk French well. She seems to me the nicest person of the family, but time may modify this opinion, and if it does I will let you know. Yvonne works in the fields with her husband, but has special care of the cows, which she takes out in the morning and brings in at night. For these cows she gathers grass, tares, weeds, and varieties of all sorts. She milks, churns, carries the butter to market, and does that part of the farming which is the realization of all the rest. I say realization of all the rest, but I mean that it is the end of the machine, out of which comes the fully made coin or cash. Off eight acres of land there can be little of produce to sell; all is consumed by four cows and one horse. Therefore what these four cows produce is the net result of the farm, and it is sufficient to enable Jean, Yvonne, Marie, and a disagreeable mother-in-law to live well, to pay their rent of 10*l.* a year, and to save annually another 10*l.* Living well with a Breton farmer means black rye bread, *galettes* of buckwheat flour, *crêpes* of buckwheat flour, vegetables, soup with lumps of bread and a skim of grease, and a piece of meat when they kill a pig or go out to a wedding. It seems to agree with them well, as they look healthy and work well, at least when working for themselves.

You know now our household. Come with me next, and let me introduce you to our neighbors. Strictly speaking, neighbors we have none, unless the guardian of the oyster-beds and Jean, and a widow who lives in a hovel at the end of the gardens, are counted as such. But by neighbors one generally means those gentry who live round about; of these I desire to speak now. Monsieur le B—— is young, and a bachelor. He lives in a pretty little house near the village. We pass his house whenever we drive into the town, and whenever we pass it we admire it, because it looks so snug amidst its roses and dahlias (yes, dahlias bloom here in June). Once or twice we met a young man near the gate, who took off his hat, and never replaced it until we had passed. Of course we reciprocated his politeness, although we did not know who he was, until one day he walked up to me and introduced himself as Monsieur le B——, and stated that he had come to me to tell me that the neighbors were rather astonished that I did not call upon them, and had expressed a wish to know us. I thanked him heartily, but told him that it was not the custom in England to call upon people until they had first called

upon you; to which he replied that the custom of France was for new comers to call first, which custom he felt it his duty to make known to me as a stranger. He offered also to go with us and introduce us to the houses of those on whom we ought to call. His offer was accepted, and next day we travelled in company to our next neighbor, who is also the leading member of our society, the Comte de K——, who is married to an American lady. I desire to represent to you these Breton gentlemen exactly as they are, not as romance on the one hand, or ridicule on the other, might paint them. Some people travel the world with an English "bee in their bonnet," nothing pleases them if it differs from the English idea, and yet when in England they are dissatisfied with the English. I am a cosmopolitan, and have lived in divers lands, so I admire what is good and dislike what is bad, without any reference to English customs. Behold, then, Monsieur le Comte de K——. He is in manner a perfect gentleman; in dress careless—not slovenly, but content with a country cut and comfortable clothes. He speaks a few words of English, which he has picked up from his wife, but he says that he cannot understand my accent, being accustomed to the American. He is a busy man; not that he holds any office, but he farms his own land, besides doing a smart business in sardine fishery, and in a sort of carrying trade with vessels of small tonnage. His house is on the seashore, so that he can overlook his marine business as well as his farm. It is, when viewed from a distance, picturesque; but when viewed close it is something, as regards repair, like a Turkish building, and that means tumbling down, because the Turks build but never repair. Pleasant, courteous, friendly, is *le comte*. His house is rough in the exterior, and does not possess the ordinary comforts of an English third-rate house within; but the *salon* is spacious and well furnished. Madame was once a Presbyterian, but has jumped from that denomination into extreme Ultramontanism, in which now she revels both in tongue and person. I fancy she overleaps them all who were "to the manner born," and that she rather bores them, as she most certainly bores me with her fervid vertism. The comte was one of the officers of the pope's foreign legion, and was taken prisoner at the siege of Rome, and all our Breton nobles here were in the pope's army either in Rome or France, so that their

loyalty to Ultramontanism may not be questioned, yet madame goes beyond them all. She has, however, fallen into congenial company in her married life — if, indeed, she was converted after marriage, of which fact I am not certain. She is a pleasant lady, with a little family of a rather mongrel character, but, so far as I know, very nice and good. Pray don't think I mean anything disparaging by mongrel, but it is the only word which expresses well a cross-breed. The count is very fond of sea-fishing, but rarely indulges his taste, because he says he has so much to do. By this you will perceive that he is hardly a fair type of the Breton gentleman, having, as it were, taken to commerce, whereas the others content themselves with the smaller economies, or rather smaller trade of growing things for the market, and turning a penny on their land; for here our gardens are really "market gardens," out of which we take as much as we want, and send the rest to market. We are not ashamed to sell the produce of our gardens, not even the best and highest of us, for we are none of us rich enough here to do the *grand seigneur*. I must pause in my account of the Breton squires to describe the successor of poor droll Thoma. He is quite as funny as Thoma, and perhaps better — you can't think how I laugh inwardly and outwardly too, sometimes, at this funny little Breton mariner. He is an ancient mariner. His age is perhaps fifty-five; his hair long, and streaming in the wind; his stature about five feet four inches; his face thin; his feet either in sabots or bare; his nose always moist; his hearing hard; his understanding deficient; his pipe a weeny little thing two inches long; his dress Breton. Yesterday was a very windy day, but I would go out in the yacht. Patient Daniel did not approve of attempting to get out of a land and rock enclosed bay with a fierce head wind, but patient Daniel went at the bidding of the fierce Englishman. Patient Daniel suggested two reefs in the mainsail, which were duly tied up, and then he hoisted the sails in a mournful sort of way, as if we were a doomed crew. Up went the anchor with only the jib on her, and round she flew like a top, heading for the shore. We could not bring her about, so up went the mainsail, and then she flew like a gull at the rocks. More than once it looked as if she must strike, but patient Daniel and the fierce Anglais, and a brave lady who was on board, pulled at the ropes, tacked, put out

the sweeps, and after two hours of skin-tearing work got out into the open sea. There the wind blew half a gale, and fishing was out of the question; but there Daniel lit up his little pipe, tucked up his little legs, and exposed his little bare feet as he hugged the tiller and luffed at every fierce gust. Mild were Daniel's oaths as the vessel drifted in stays. *Sacré!* and a few muttered words were but a mild "French-soup" edition of the language of the British tar. Now you see Daniel as he was yesterday. As he is to-day you may see him if you will. He has to dig a bit of ground for cabbages, but he won't do it. He finds a hundred other things to do, so as not to do that. I have my eye on him, but it is no good. Just now I went down the garden to have a look, but my bird had flown. It was low water, and yesterday we lost the anchor of the little *canot*, or small rowing-boat which we use to get aboard and ashore. So Daniel was out in the sea with bare legs feeling about for it. I was determined to bring him back, so tucked up breeks and went in with him. We found it, of course, with my help, very quickly, and now, while I am writing, Daniel should be at that piece of digging. I will just go out and see, and bring you word when I come back. Not a bit of it. There is not a single spade-ful turned, and Daniel is not even in sight. These Bretons are Irish, I am sure — so droll — so lazy.

Our next visit was paid to the Comte de T——, a nobleman of very ancient descent, young, pleasant, with a pretty Norman wife, a sportsman, an ex-pontifical dragoon. His house is new or new-ish, but the grounds, although extensive, are nothing worth, from an English point of view. The *salon* looks out upon fine level lawns, which, according to our Breton ideas, look better knee-deep in grass, bring more in, and cost less in labor than our English close-cut sward. As for sporting, there is none in summer; so Le Comte de T—— must find it difficult to fill up his time; but I have learned in America that there is a very clever way of *doing nothing very slowly*, so as never to feel tired of doing it, and such is the fashion also here. Certainly the comte was judge, manager, and everything of a local race or race-meeting not long since, but race-meetings are rare here. After the races the maire and other local celebrities of the second rank got up a grand wrestling match, for which this part of France is famous. It was held at a large village some four miles away from us. I

went of course. On my arrival at the field of battle the fun had commenced. Within an immense circle, in the middle of which were the judges, were two young athletes struggling and tugging one another's vests, as if the grand idea was to denude the adversary. I suppose they struggled for more than half an hour; but, as one of the wrestlers was very agile and stuck his head right into the other man's stomach, thus keeping him far away, there was no fair throw, and they had to be parted without any result. Many times they went down, but nothing counts here except a fair throw upon the flat of the back, so that both shoulder-blades touch the ground. This was not wrestling such as the people delight in, but soon they had their pleasure. A strong, tall man jumped into the ring, took the prize out of the judge's hand, and, hat in hand, walked round, defying all present. Another jumped into the ring, threw down his hat as gage of battle, and to it they went with a will, in fact wrestling as it ought to be. Within two minutes there was a close, a springing out of muscles, a toss in the air, and the losing man was lying flat on his back.

A sort of double visit was next paid to an old nobleman and his sons, one residing with him and one at a solitary farm cut out of the native woods. This man is more than "peculiar." He is the product of the soil of France and of the French laws. Monsieur de P—, representative of one of the old French *noblesse*, did live in the family château, which is no great things, surrounded by his family. His father was brother to one of the bishops of Quimper, and all the family are what they call here *blanc*, which means devoted to the priests and the Roman Church. There are of course many whose devotion to Rome is purely political or controversial, but such is not the case with Monsieur de P—, nor do I think it is so with his sons.

Monsieur de P— is a perfect specimen of a perfect French gentleman. His manners are not constrained, but they are perfect. His intellect has been cultivated, and his religion is both simple and fervent. When his family grew up, he parted his property amongst them, so as to give the family seat to the eldest son, without subjecting them or himself to the French laws of subdivision. He must have been rich, for all the family have land. After this act he built a little Canadian shanty upon land which he had given to his youngest son, and now he

lives a sort of semi-monastic life with that son. For amusement and profit he has flooded, by means of the tide, his low-lying meadows for the cultivation of fish for the Paris market. These meadows he stocked from the sea, so that now they are held without any need of the introduction of fresh fish, and he says the thing pays fairly well. The tide flows in and out, being regulated by flood-gates. When I called, the old man was at home. He received me as a nobleman, and would not be seated until I had taken the chair of honor, beneath a niche in which was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The room was small, warmed by a stove, panelled with unpainted wood, and the furniture consisted of a rough table and a few chairs. The conversation was easy, as Monsieur de P— seemed perfectly acquainted with England as well as other lands, and my hour passed away agreeably enough. When we parted he escorted me to the outer gate bareheaded. I need only add that the sons agree perfectly well in the religious opinions of the father, and that Catholicism assumes in their case its very loveliest type. They yield a willing obedience to all the behests of the Church, yet suffer under no oppression from the clergy; and all this arises because they are content to live in the half-light of intellect, the unquestioning obedience, the willing submission which is possible in an individual or in a family, but which produces either slavery or revolution when imposed upon a nation composed of lively thinkers and logical minds.

Let me now descend in the social scale and describe the maire of the commune, or rather his establishment, for I have not yet seen the man himself. To him I paid a visit, without consulting my adviser, who, after taking me to the *élite* of society, did not recommend any further visits. To me, however, it appeared the right thing to take notice of an official who represents the votes of the people amongst whom I desire to reside in peace.

I went on a Sunday afternoon to the wing of an ancient château, which having survived the Revolution had been converted into a farmhouse (*maison bourgeoise*). The outside appearance of this wing is imposing, it looks ancient and spacious; but the inside is small and very inconvenient on account of the extreme narrowness of the building. It is, in fact, only one room deep, which, when one allows for the rooms necessarily devoted to farm purposes and farm servants, leaves but a few rooms at the disposal of the

family. The *salon* into which we were shown is also the family bedroom; the bed being placed in an alcove. Madame was at home, gracious, pleasant, and pleased with our attention. She caused some wine and biscuits to be placed before us, and afterwards conducted us through the gardens, which, like the house, have a faded look, being badly kept. Verily there lurks in France some spell which perpetuates divisions of rank despite the most revolutionary laws, despite all that can be said or sung of *liberté, fraternité, et égalité*. This family, this house, these grounds, smell of the ancient *noblesse*, but they are used humbly as by one who knows that he is not one of them. He is rich, very rich, honored, sufficiently powerful, but he never presumes to be more than an honest farmer.

One relic of the *good* old times, still preserved in perfect repair in the gardens, tells how absolutely necessary were the great changes of 1792. It is a *colombier*, a pigeon-house of gigantic dimensions, as large in fact as a church tower, which would accommodate some thousands of pigeons, which were allowed to devour the crops of the poor tenants in order to garnish the table of the *seigneur*. I fancy that the more closely you examine the traces of the past, the more you learn of French life present and past, the more you will feel inclined to condone even the atrocities of the Revolution, for surely the only possible way to deliver the peasants from their servility, their hunger, and their terrors, was to tear up and root out the selfish *noblesse*, which seems to have known no pity and to have fed upon the very vitals of the people. One may detest and abhor Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and yet acknowledge that their work has given France a new and vigorous life which without their work it could never have known. I say this because the ideas still cherished by the existing *noblesse* are so Ultramontane, so unsocial, so utterly opposed to all progress, that I feel certain they would go back upon the old paths if they had not been reduced to an impotence which makes them objects of pity rather than centres of reaction.

Curiously enough, the man of all others to justify the Revolution was the rector of the parish, upon whom I called alone. He is, I believe — indeed he must be — the very incarnation of Roman theories, being the priest of a society so devoted to the pope; but, like other frail mortals, he

does not always see the full meaning of his own expressions. He was telling me of the additions and repairs which had been effected in the fabric of the church since his coming to the place, and said that the parish used to be served from a monastery at a distance, which sucked up all the parochial revenues and allowed the church to fall into ruins; "but now," said he, "the parish is separated and there is a resident priest, which I believe is the very best thing for any parish. You see," he added, "it had to be separated when there were no parochial funds left, for the Revolution took away all the endowments!" Thus he proved that the Revolution had established a resident ministry and repaired the ecclesiastical buildings.

It was Sunday, also, when I called on the rector, between the services, when I knew I should find him at home. He was seated at dinner with his curate and two young women dressed as simple peasants, to whom he introduced me as his sisters. His history is that of most Breton priests. He is the son of a peasant, was brought up in a seminary, and on getting a parish of his own he brought his father, mother, and sisters to live in the clergy house. The father was a drunkard of the very worst sort, who passed all his time at the village drinking-shops, to the scandal of the priest and church, so he had to be put away into a distant village, where he died about a year ago. The mother and sisters still live with the rector. They wear the dress of ordinary peasants, with caps, collars, and all, without any concealment or pretence whatsoever. You will say that it is as it should be, but there is another side to that question, if you will consider it well. Even Madame the Countess de K——, the red-hot convert of whom I have already spoken, says there is one thing against the Roman Church, and that one thing is the priests are not gentlemen. Don't sum up the question with a pshaw! that means that the rector cannot put his legs under the mahogany of the squire and be his companion. It may mean that with the *noblesse*, but it means something far more serious with the people.

There is a deep-seated dislike to the priests even amongst these superstitious and apparently devout Bretons. What is it founded upon? I asked myself this question, I asked the people themselves, and when I got to the root of the matter, I found it arises from the deep-seated



love of money peculiar to the French peasant. This passion for cash is offended, hurt, and roused to opposition by the continual demands of the priests for money. To realize how the matter works, take the case of our rector. He is paid by the government, I believe eleven hundred francs, or 44*l.* a year. This eleven hundred francs is subject to a deduction for various taxes, national and diocesan, of three hundred francs, leaving the stipend of the rector at 36*l.* a year. I admit that he could live on this sum as an anchorite, as one of the peasants, but, however much the clergy may preach the loveliness of poverty, I never yet knew one who courted it for himself. I don't say they ask more than is reasonable, but I do say they ask to live as educated men live, as men live who have acquired by education habits and ideas which separate them from peasant life and from the grossness of the manners and diet of the poor. The rector here does as other rectors, curés, and clergy do, he asks for more. At certain seasons he goes round for his tithes, which are voluntary, and from an unwilling peasantry he collects a decent income. He told me himself that people hated giving and hence hated the priests. I could have told him how bitterly his own people had spoken to me about priests in general and himself in particular, although they said he was a decent man, and had no other fault to find with him but his love of money—a love of money which I found so moderate that I believe his whole income with all these additions does not touch 100*l.* a year. In very fact, he is a nice man, with a pleasant manner, and he works as hard as a peasant at his services, fearing even to go out to sea with me in my boat, lest people should say he was absent from his parish and his duties.

There is also a deep-rooted suspicion of the priests seated in the minds of the people. My friend and neighbor, an old tar with a pension, a little government office, and a cute French head, amused me exceedingly the other day by his own version of parochial money matters. Of course I am repeating the word of an uneducated man, a boatswain, or perhaps quartermaster—yet his glib tongue did but give expression to the ideas which almost all the peasants entertain, although they cannot easily express them.

He said: "Pierre Denez is a born fool, so they chose him for churchwarden. Pierre was very devoted to his duties, but

took special charge of the offertories, because the rector told him that all the money must be carefully taken care of till Easter, when it must be divided into four parts—one part for the pope, one for the bishop, one for the poor, and one for the priest. Pierre got together a goodly sum, and when the day came for the division he gave himself up to his work with great diligence. Into four parts all the moneys were divided, and then Pierre asked what was to be done with them. To which the rector replied, 'I will take care of them all.' Then said Pierre, 'He took all the four parts and put them into his own pocket, and what was the good of all my trouble when the rector pocketed the whole lot at the end of the journey?' Pierre resigned his office. Thus it is," said my *marin*, "with these priests; even a fool like Pierre can see through them." Now you, reader, and I, know or feel assured that the rector very faithfully fulfilled his trust and forwarded the respective amounts to headquarters, but the suspicions of the people were aroused and cannot be set at rest. Whence do they all arise? Why this objection to a decent payment of the priests? Not only on account of the love of money of the peasants, but also because the priest himself is a peasant, and they cannot understand why he should want a better income than they have themselves, or why his mother and sisters should sit at wine and dessert while they themselves eat black bread. Religion does not give them a reason, and of the effects of education they are ignorant.

If my readers will be patient enough to follow me in my description of "Life in Brittany," I do not expect that *any* of them will choose Brittany as their permanent home, notwithstanding its many advantages. One great fact stares one in the face. It always rains here. Never a month, scarcely a day goes by without rain; and such rain! Soaking, all-wetting rain. Side roads are water lanes three parts of the year, and it is only owing to the magnificent condition and great expenditure upon the departmental roads that one can get about at all. If we were dependent upon the roads made by the communes, we should be shut in nine months at least out of twelve.

Another great drawback to English people would be found in the joint occupation of houses, stables, barns, and out-buildings, which is the rule of this country. Gentlemen living in châteaux get weary

of farming, and let out their land, with the right to use a certain portion of the stables and all other buildings, to a peasant farmer. This arrangement seems to work well enough with Breton gentlemen, who know the ways and habits of the people, but it is simply unendurable to an Englishman. Your whole premises are slovenly. You have nothing to yourself. You lose your stores of hay, oats, etc., for the Breton peasant is a speculator. You lose your privacy; there is a continual intermeddling with your affairs and servants. This state of things is aggravated when the château has been deserted, and the master has been long in Paris or elsewhere.

It is really wonderful how many beautiful houses have been deserted by their owners in this beautiful Brittany. Have they been washed out by the rain? or sucked out by the love of Frenchmen for large towns and social life? Be that as it may, here you may see houses full of furniture which remind one of that celebrated tale about a wedding breakfast shut up for fifty years because some accident befell the bridegroom on the day of the wedding. I went to see the Château de Penaurun the other day. It is a splendid building, containing some thirty rooms, situated in a park, with ancient out-buildings, and gardens, and orchards. It is now to let for a mere trifle; and this is its history. Twenty years ago the son of an old soldier of France inherited the property, with new ideas. He pulled down the old mansion (which is said to have been better than his modern house) and built, at immense cost, the present château. For five years he lived there, then suddenly shut it up and left the country. Shut up it has remained for fifteen long years, except that, until six years ago, his brother-in-law and sister used to pay a visit of some weeks in the summer time. Six years ago the said brother-in-law came as usual, and left after the fashion of the owner of the castle. He hung his coat, his change of raiment, his boots, in short, all his clothes upon pegs in his bedroom ready for him when he came in to dress, but he never did come in to dress; and there they hang still, and there I saw them, all eaten by moth, as if they had been placed there only half an hour before. The whole house is in the same state; settees, chairs, pictures, all gradually subsiding into dust; beds, blankets, sheets, all in place and all eaten up by moth, so that all is spoilt and useless. The outbuild-

ings are let away to a farmer as usual, and who would like to face the reparations, refurnishing, and renewing of a castle like that?

The great attraction of Brittany is "the peasantry," and no wonder, for they are quite *sui generis*, quite different from all other populations. They combine the sombre, taciturn nature of the Spaniard with the droll, wild life of the Irish. It is difficult to understand how the same people can be silent and noisy—reserved and running over with jollity. Yet so it is. There must be a strain of tiger in a population which could amuse itself as lately as 1847 in cutting the life out of friends with a whip made after this fashion: Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling at a little distance from the handle to the thickness of a man's arm, from whence it tapered to a twisted and strongly knotted end, made more like a knife by the help of a mixture of glue. This plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff stick, and often not only cut a man into steaks, but sometimes cut out the life of him at a single stroke. Yet a local historian gives an account of a *fête* which he attended in 1847, at which the chief attraction was a contest between twelve men, six on a side, with these deadly weapons. The smack of these whips made, he says, much more noise than a gun-shot; they could be heard at the distance of two and a half miles, and when several smack their whips in concert the noise is so terrible that one must either run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lashes of their whips. They stood up, having for protection in the shape of dress only short felt breeches, and shirts made of stout sailcloth. Like all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead after the fashion of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." They wore no hats or head-covering. The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the color of the tuft of their whips, the one being white, the other red.

These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded almost to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old

peasant, the combatants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same voice, and the twelve cables were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard as they met, twisted, and struggled in mid-air.

Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes and dealt the second and dreadful blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or bleeding flesh; on the third stroke all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—one tall, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Pipriac knew too well the prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him.

The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of musketry. The lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood. The faces are no longer human; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have reserved themselves; they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend. But now the tall man has hit home. A long, blue, spiral mark, which here and there squirts blood, twists round the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself; launches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly point and the face of Joseph the great. Animated by his first success, Kaer stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow which he aimed at Josille. The little man never parried the blow, but pirouetted as it were; while, without any effort, he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer missed; but when Josille sharply drew back his lash, the whole face of Kaer was cut in half—a gigantic gap opened up the very bones. These two stood alone in the lists; the rest had made a truce, and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds. Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armet of leather before his face and paused. Josille, so far from profiting by the occasion and pressing his advantage, coolly took out his pocket-handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who

thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his *sang-froid*, and made him wild. He struck, stamped, and made wonderful points; but Josille was calm; and at the end of ten minutes the giant, covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbons, his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded, fell heavily upon his knees. "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to rise was vain. Josille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his *coup de grâce*.

A shiver ran through the crowd; but Josille was better than he seemed, for instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dextrously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes, and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket-handkerchief worth sixpence, and Josille the pound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find him.

As to the dress of the agricultural people, it is picturesque—so picturesque, indeed, that when some foolish servant is penetrated with the Parisian mode, and adopts it, she looks like a crow among birds of plumage. Yet I am sorry to say that the dress is changing. Our old men wear sabots, gaiters, large, loose, baggy breeches fastened under the knee, with jacket and vest; the hair is long like that of a woman, and a broad, flat felt hat completes the costume. Our young men have taken to trousers, but still retain the vest embroidered round the neck, and the loose, flowing jacket, mostly made of cloth of a dark blue color, and embroidered behind with a representation of the holy sacrament; this back embroidery is dying out, as also the custom of wearing flowing locks. Our women wear short skirts, made of very thick material, plaited round the waist, more like a Scotch kilt than anything else; over the skirt they wear an embroidered cloth jacket, or vest with sleeves, and over that another without sleeves, cut square and low in front to display their white, nicely starched chemisette; to the chemisette is attached an enormous collar which reaches beyond the shoulders, and is a marvel of the arts of starching and ironing. This, with the great coiffe of the country, differing in each commune, completes the costume.

Of course, there are varieties of head-dress, some loose and flowing, others close-fitting, some in colors, some embroidered, and this gives to any assemblage a very varied and pleasing appearance; but the description of these matters is beyond the reach of my pen.

The home of the Breton peasant is quite peculiar, and differs from anything I have seen elsewhere. An old stable, a cowshed, any old outhouse does as well as any other building for his purposes, and is always used when it may be had; but whether the house be built of stone or wood or mud, its exterior is almost always the same. It has a central door and two little windows about eighteen inches square; within, the floor is of mud, literally mud; for as Brittany is a very wet place, the mud floors are almost always damp, and often contain miniature lakes or pools of water.

I recollect one day, when out fishing, calling in at one of these shanties where they kept an *auberge*, and finding it difficult to place my feet on dry land. Being inclined for a chat, I asked mine host how he, who, from the valuable furniture he possessed, I took to be a man decently well off, could bear to live in such a pigsty. He replied that he always wore sabots, which could not be wet through, and as to sleeping in such a place, what did it matter to him; when once safely shut up in his *lit clos* (or wonderful Breton cupboard arranged as a bed) he did not care if the sea were to come in to the floor. The poorest shanties have their bedstead and *armoire*, mostly of fine-grained wood, and beautifully carved. This particular *auberge* had its whole side filled up with the family sleeping arrangements, all constructed in one single piece of furniture. A sort of tall, beautifully carved cupboard extended the whole length of the wall, which contained a bed at either end and an upright clock in the middle—a clock like the kitchen clock of our ancestors. During the daytime the bedding is invisible, as also, I suppose, during the night, for it is reached through two little sliding doors, having little dwarf pillars for the admission of air. The doors are only opened to admit or give egress to the tenants. Day and night they are kept shut, so that you may go into such a room (as I have done) at midnight without seeing man, woman, or child, until the little doors slide back, and a whole family of heads peep out from within what may be called a night parlor. Add to this *lit clos* an *armoire* (a cupboard with large folding-

doors), a few pots and pans, a form or two, and a table, and you have a complete inventory of a Breton house, whether it be occupied by a farmer or a laborer. A year ago I went to see a château which was to be let. It belonged to a rich peasant farmer who, when he bought the estate, moved straight into the stable, and I saw him there with cows, horses, pigs, and servants, only divided from his dwelling-room by a slight wooden partition. I put the servants with the cattle, because it was literally so arranged; one man slept in a little box bedstead in a stable with ten cows, an arrangement which my farmer said was necessary, in case they broke loose in the night.

As the Breton peasant lives in a sort of primitive way amidst the cattle, so he thinks and acts in a primitive way also. His ideas are few, and those few descend to him from his ancestors. I suppose that, with the exception of the crying abuses arising from priestly power, supported by the State in the Middle Ages, and priestly misconduct in accordance with the very rude life of those ages, the religion of Brittany remains much as it was in the Jays of St. Louis.

Farmer Jean has just returned from a pilgrimage of three weeks to Lourdes, which numbered fifteen hundred Bretons, nearly all of the peasantry. He must have spent a good deal of money—what with the railway and the hotels! It seems odd to speak of railways and hotels in connection with pilgrimages, and, in very fact, it is odd, for one naturally expects that the enlargement of view, the new ideas arising from the first, and the luxury suggested by the last, would be the most effectual agents in arresting mediæval customs; and so they will be in time, but for the moment they are caught at and made to serve the turn of those who live and thrive on this strange and antique superstition. Many a temporary expedient to revive a dying dream does but make more sure the final awakening.

My *bonne*, Françoise, has also been on her pilgrimage, and has experienced a real miracle, worked upon herself, to which I can give the whole weight of my disinterested testimony.

Françoise was quite noted as a drinker—she had almost fallen into the ruck of life, and was considered irredeemable, when, all of a sudden, she took off her shoes and stockings, and started for a particular saint's abode to get cured of her drunkenness. Barefooted she went, and barefooted she returned, cured and

in her right mind. For six months she tasted no fermented drinks, but solaced herself with vinegar and water. At the end of six months she went again barefooted to return thanks to the *bon Dieu* for her miracle. She lives now in our house, and is as sober as a judge (ought to be), and as lively as a cricket. This miracle I can attest, and *if it lasts* it will indeed be a miracle, and a proof of the power of means to an end, even although the means should only prove to be the action of the mind upon itself. What man cannot do alone, he can do with the help of a little well-acted fiction, with the *dramatis personæ* and final tableau all duly arranged in the mind beforehand. Françoise thinks that she has her familiar devil, who thwarts her at all points and strives to make her swear. Yesterday she attempted to light a candle with a burning stick, and several times failed. She accused her devil with his villany, but at last she lighted the candle and exclaimed, "Ah, I have conquered, and you did not make me swear;" but as she placed the candle on the table it went out, and she mournfully remarked, "No, he has conquered after all." All these ideas are common to our Breton folk.

These people do not look dirty. Their dress is always decent, and on fête-days it is beautiful as well as costly. Yet I believe that a Breton peasant never washes once in his life. I never saw any washing apparatus in any of their rooms, nor did I ever see one of them washing in a tub, or at a stream, or at the well. None can have better opportunities of observation than I have. Opposite my window is the well, the one water-supply of a settlement; to it all must come for water, yet I never saw one wash anything but clothes at or about it. Really and truly they are and must be as dirty as the pigs who live and sleep at their bedsides. In all my dealings with them, I give them a wide berth, especially the children, and experience fully justifies my caution.

Winter in Brittany is a terrible time, a time of incessant rain, of roads so bad as to be practically impassable, of long, gloomy days without sunshine. I cannot recommend Brittany for a winter home, for home in its English sense there is none. The houses are not constructed for cosiness. Rooms communicate one with another so as to be full of doors. There are no really comfortable lounges or easy-chairs, no fireplaces which suggest slippers and a nice book, no bedrooms where an invalid's chamber could

be made almost more bright than the general sitting-room. Bedrooms are, even in grand houses, mostly mere cupboards. It is true that in a very large château you will find one or two rooms intended as state rooms, and furnished as boudoirs with an alcove for the bed, but these are rare, and the furniture even of these is stilted, showy, and offers no repose. No man must speak against French beds. They at least are perfect; England stands in this respect with regard to France as a savage, barbarous country. I speak not of form of bedstead. I rail not against ancient four-post, tester, or canopy. I speak of thick, soft, downy mattresses piled thickly upon a *sommier* or framework with springs. I know that in some English houses, and in most English hotels, a faint imitation of these French beds exists, but how far behind the originals are these faint copies! English people stint the mattresses, they stint also the material with which they are stuffed, and worse still, they have a perfectly incurable habit of pressing their wool or horsehair or flock as hard as they can until it is like sleeping on a board; on the contrary, all is loose in a real French bed, so loose that it can be opened and re-made at home annually, instead of waiting for years and years as in an English house, and then taking an expensive journey to Maple and Co., or Heal and Co., who do it by steam in their wonderful mills.

In winter the Breton peasant shows himself more truly as he is than at any other time of the year, for he has a house whose floor is something between a puddle and a pigsty; he has clothes which are almost always damp if not wringing wet; he has no sort of home comfort, and seems to seek none. Many of these men are not only comparatively but absolutely rich. For instance, Jean, our farmer, is worth at least twenty thousand francs, or 800*l.*, no mean sum for a working-man even in England, yet his one desire is to increase his store, and he never dreams of procuring any winter comforts. His is not at all a special case, although he is dying in a rapid consumption. Two years ago the doctor told him that he must give up exposing himself to cold and damp or he would soon die; yet he has not given up, and as a consequence he is dying. A few days ago I heard that he was very ill in bed, spitting blood, so I paid him a visit and found him very bad indeed. His room was wet as wet could be; it had no curtains, the front door was wide



open, the fire a few hot coals of wood, which were kept there to be blown into a flame when needed for cooking or farm purposes. He had no medicine, no special food, but was living like the others on black rye bread and buckwheat *galettes* or pancakes. I told him how ill I thought him in the presence of his wife, and in the night he alarmed her by vomiting blood, so that she came to me in the morning crying, and asking what she ought to do for him. I told her to get him warmth, meat, soup, and other comforts, and she went just as far as this: she bought two pounds' weight of *white* bread. When this white bread came home, her mother (Jean's mother-in-law), who lives with them, went into a passion and sulked all day long, as she declared that it was wild extravagance. You must know that for days I had sent him soup, meat, and pastry from my own table, partly because I felt that he must have help at once, and partly because I could not bear to see the man dying before my eyes from sheer want, for he could not eat the ordinary coarse food, and took nothing at all. They received all my gifts almost without thanks, and never stirred hand or foot to get anything for themselves until the day when Yvonne bought the white bread. Well, on that day when her mother was raging, she came crying into the kitchen, and told my *bonne* how she was tried. The *bonne* told me at once, and protested that I ought not to keep on sending food to a rich man, who was a miser and surrounded by two miserly women, when real poor might be stretching out their hands for help. I replied that I had never refused to help any real poor yet, and that I intended to continue my help to Jean, notwithstanding his miserly behavior, as I could not see a man die of want while I had enough. But I told her to scold Yvonne well, and to tell her that she ought to do her duty by her husband, and if necessary turn her mother out of the house, especially as she was a rich woman, and well able to keep a home of her own. Now mark Yvonne's reply. "Ah, I can't do that, because my husband may soon die, and then I shall want my mother's help." Mark, I say, this reply, — its utter selfishness, and say is there any real depth, any real worth in such characters as these? I think not.

The weather changed and Jean has for a little moment got better, but he cannot live many months; already he has been out in the rain, and in a few days will be in bed vomiting blood again. When very

bad indeed, his wife besought me, as I was going to the doctor ten miles away myself, to ask for some remedy to stop the blood-spitting of Jean. I did so, and explained also the condition of the house and family. The doctor, who is a very clever fellow, told me that he knew them all well, and that there would be a very evil day for Yvonne soon. I said, "Will the man die very soon?" "Yes!" said he, "but that is not the evil day I mean; there will be a far more unhappy day for her when she comes to me after he is buried to *pay my bill*."

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### EDWARD AND CATHERINE STANLEY.\*

THIS volume contains a sketch of a career full of interest, and of a mind yet fuller. Thirty years ago the present Dean of Westminster introduced a collection of the charges and sermons of his father, Bishop Stanley, with a graceful and modest memoir. That memoir he now reprints; he adds to it a selection from his mother's journals and letters. The charm of contrasted characteristics in husband and wife, when each character is good in its own way, is matter of notoriety; but dissimilar traits have never blended in a happier harmony than in the parents of Dean Stanley.

The Bishop of Norwich was destined for the Church by the family living of Alderley. His son allows that "in ordinary circumstances it is obvious the clerical calling would not have been deemed his natural vocation." He knew little Latin and less Greek. He was no profound student of patristic theology, and did not supply its place with German metaphysics. There was in him none of the enthusiasm which in an Evangelical clergyman might have compensated for lack of learning. He had no sentiment for religious art, or for mysticism, which might have attracted him towards Oxford Tractarianism. Had there been no rectory of Alderley he would have been a skilful sailor. Had he been the elder son, instead of the second, he would have been an ardent sportsman. As it was, the regret of his life was that he was a landsman, and his favorite recreation was ornithology. All seemed to unfit him for a parsonage or a mitre. The Church re-

\* Memoirs of Edward and Catherine Stanley. Edited by their son, A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray. 1879.

vival, which began when he was still in early middle life, pointed the opposition between him and the lot which had been chosen for rather than by him. He scarcely understood the language spoken around him. He was equally isolated from High and from Low Churchmen. Yet he transformed Alderley into a model parish. Though that strange monster, a Whig bishop, he won the affection of a population which, so far as it belonged to the Church, was Tory; so far as it was intellectual, was Unitarian; and so far as it was philanthropic, was Quaker. The secret of his success in opposition to circumstances lay in the very fact of that opposition. He liked uphill work. A sense of the necessity of surmounting "the obstacles which nature or education had thrown in his way" invigorated him. To him, his son boasts, "the call of duty was not merely a command but an encouragement—the voice of a trumpet which cheered and inspirited him, at the same time that it compelled him to act." As a man he felt there were questions he could not solve. That no more dulled his zeal than ignorance of the captain's reasons for ordering his ship to be sailed on a new tack would hinder a midshipman from obeying orders. To a sick man who propounded to him theological problems, he frankly admitted: "I do not answer one of your difficulties. I grant them all. They are difficulties. I cannot explain them." But though he pardoned the love of inquiry in others, and even admired it in an Arnold, for himself he rather treated the impossibility of solving theological mysteries as a personal incapacity. He never allowed it for a moment to interfere with the fulfilment of what he regarded as a simple commission he was bound to discharge. From no dictates of caution, but naturally and spontaneously, he marked out for himself a territory outside or beyond party. He was no theological eclectic. His part was that of a Church administrator. The primary aspect the English Church wore in his eyes was that of a Christian society to be organized. The rivalries of schools of thought within its borders had for him no attraction.

Alderley he made a model parish by constituting himself its ecclesiastical squire, as his brother, the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, was its lay squire. "Without losing for a moment the advantage which birth and station always give to an English gentleman in his dealings with the poor, he yet descended to the

level of their tastes and pursuits." The rectory became "the home of the parish." By the unconscious assertion of an official and an hereditary right he played the part of a benevolent autocrat. In the public-houses, he caused placards to be framed, exhorting to sobriety. Apparently, the Cheshire publicans never thought of disputing his title to control their trade. If there were a fight in the village he could stop it. "There was such a spirit in him," was the admiring testimony of the peasantry. Parishioners might sometimes wish he had decided differently on the course their destinies were to take; but, "as the rector says it, we must not go against him." His was the perfect type of the old-fashioned country parson. He taught the catechism and he sold cheap blankets. He belonged, however, to the nineteenth century, so he lectured also on ornithology and mineralogy, and pleaded on behalf of Catholic emancipation. Circumstances made Alderley amenable to every kindly and liberal influence he chose to bring to bear upon it. We can hardly wonder that Lord Melbourne's offer in 1837 of the see of Norwich was an occasion of sadness and almost despair to the parish he had moulded. "The very footbreadth in the road where the villagers had shed tears on first hearing of the news long lived in their recollection."

What might seem, at first sight, more surprising is that the offer should have been accepted. He knew very well he could not hope for such a conjunction of official and private happiness at Norwich as at Alderley. He probably suspected that he could secure little of the success as a bishop which he had achieved as parish priest. But, in fact, the man was so constituted that the alien nature of the work at Norwich was an attraction. The Whig clergyman believed he had lessons to teach in a seat of ecclesiastical Toryism. A born administrator saw a life's taskwork ready for him in a diocese which had been slumbering under the rule of a bishop who lived to ninety-three. As a mere piece of ecclesiastical machinery, Norwich diocese was in a state of the most extraordinary rust and dilapidation. Clerical zeal had come to be regarded with suspicion. Clergy and congregations had agreed to be apathetic together. Men who felt conscious of intelligence and enthusiasm fled from the benumbing atmosphere of Eastern counties churchmanship. Edward Stanley understood himself well enough to be assured that he

could do something towards restoring, at any rate, ecclesiastical discipline. It is a commonplace of the extravagances of the plurality system how, in the diocese of Norwich, fifteen churches were served by three brothers. Everything was done slovenly, even to the administration of the rites of burial and baptism. The new bishop had obeyed ecclesiastical law at Alderley as an ecclesiastical subaltern. He insisted, as commanding officer, on obedience to it at Norwich. His efforts were, his son acknowledges, and as he himself often lamented, only partially successful. But his rule produced "a visible and permanent effect." By the twelfth year of his episcopate a hundred and seventy-three additional parsonage houses helped to cure the crying evil of non-residence. In many Norfolk and Suffolk parishes, the church had been opened only once a fortnight. His importunities with his clergy resulted in an addition throughout the diocese of three hundred and forty-seven services. Evil moral example among his clergy he attacked with "a severity unsparring alike of the delinquents and of himself." "The thought of screening such cases to avoid scandal to the Church was utterly unknown to him."

But Bishop Stanley did not effect these reforms without personal suffering. The dull mass of clerical indolence which resented the stirring of its lethargy gave weight to the active dislike cherished against a prelate who adhered to no party. His proposal to nominate Dr. Arnold to preach his consecration sermon, though evaded by Archbishop Howley, was remembered and regarded as an outrage. The bishop's own first address from a Norwich pulpit was construed as a declaration of war upon Church orthodoxy. All that this "heretical sermon of a liberal bishop" did was to inculcate tolerance of Dissent and the advantage of combining secular with religious instruction. Probably the preacher had not suspected that he was dealing in explosives. He uttered what appeared to his own mind apparent truths. His faith in the Trinity was called in question because in the innocent desire to pay a personal compliment to an aged Unitarian he had subscribed for a copy of a volume of sermons. His hospitality to Father Mathew, as the apostle of temperance, was branded as a defiance of the Church of England's enmity for the Church of Rome. His defence of the drama and his hospitality to Madame Goldschmidt were displeasing to a multi-

tude of pragmatist Churchmen. That the old president of the Linnean Society retained a fondness for natural history when he could no longer pursue researches in it, was itself an offence. His funeral sermon on an "unbaptized Quaker," Joseph Gurney, the philanthropist, seemed to many clerical purists an insult to the establishment. At one period it appeared that the Whig Bishop of Norwich could say and do nothing which was not forthwith misconstrued and perverted into hostility to orthodoxy. In truth, the bishop slipped into controversies from no love of them, and from no desire to annoy opponents. His gaze was not extraordinarily wide or profound; but within its scope it was clear; it seemed to him a matter of course to judge men by their acts, and not by their theological denomination. His own sensibilities were apparently not very acute; and often he probed a sore place in simple ignorance of its existence. When the sufferer turned upon him he was ready to defend his act; had he anticipated the uproar he might probably have abstained from furnishing its occasion.

Some of his critics have declared him to be as "timid as a hare." His son pronounces him as "courageous as a lion." He may well have been both. As a controversialist he felt bitterly his want of learning and of the instinct for appreciating the passions which moved the ecclesiastical world of his episcopal period. When once the battle was joined, hesitation disappeared even in a scholastic controversy. As a ruler of the Church, and a guardian of its discipline, he was sensible of no timorousness from first to last. He could face a rude Chartist mob in his cathedral, and an ill-conducted clergyman with equal intrepidity. In such collisions he may even have experienced a certain pleasure. What he doubtless missed out of his old sedentary life was not the serene calm of a rural parsonage. His energetic temperament can scarcely have valued that very highly. It was the power of direct contact with the people he had to govern. At Alderley when he had stopped the fight, or rebuked intoxication, the brawlers or the drunkards were within his beck and call, to watch over and reform. As the bishop of a diocese he must have felt himself too far aloof and remote. The sense of the want may be traced in his efforts to supply it. He delighted in treating the busy city of Norwich as his own especial parish. He would frequent the dreariest

alleys, to pray and read with their inhabitants. He used to bid curates note for him who were sick among the poor in their charge, that he might visit them. "It is," he said, "a kind of work that I enjoy beyond all other." Overworked and dying, though he knew it not, he was persuaded to make holiday in Scotland. But first he stipulated that "if the cholera, which was then ravaging the rest of the kingdom, should reach his own city, he should return at once. 'The moment the cholera breaks out, I return instantly to be at my post.'" All suffering, though in less importunate forms than sickness, attracted him as of course. The sick were too often beyond his reach. His craving for scope for his pastoral benevolence made an opening for itself by bestowing peculiar solicitude upon those who were more particularly friendless. At confirmations, to which he gave new life in the Norwich diocese, "the objects that would especially engage his attention were the children who came from the different union-houses. His eye was always quick to discover their homely appearance, and before they were allowed to leave the rails of the communion-table he would address them individually. It was his habit, on his return home, to forward to each a Bible and a Prayer-Book, in which the names of the child and the donor were written with his own hand."

While this restless career of administrative and philanthropic energy was stirring and troubling the stagnant waters of East Anglian churchmanship, an utterly different spirit and character pervaded and gave the tone to the atmosphere of Bishop Stanley's home. Edward Stanley had vigor of character and an elevated sense of duty. He was animated by a generous passion for order. But there was naturally a want of light and shade in his common sense. His wife possessed no special gift of organization. She felt and she reflected without desiring forthwith to realize her meditations. Nothing could be less similar, even in their excellences, than wife and husband. Yet, as we read this selection from her thoughts, we fancy we discover how the naturally narrow bounds of Edward Stanley's theology may have opened, and how the somewhat hard disciplinarian learned to find no greater enjoyment than in comforting a sick bed and softening the harsh lot of a workhouse child. Mrs. Stanley was endowed with more than a refined woman's insight. Her chief delight was to cultivate the faculty of introspection. One of the ear-

liest extracts her son publishes from her correspondence is a panegyric on the once famous but now forgotten essays of John Foster. Her pleasure in studying them, she explains, is derived not only from the writer's own reflections, but from those he leads her to make upon her own character. Her own nature is a perpetual and agreeable mystery to her. She questions herself curiously why one day she has felt an inexplicable luxury as well in "breathing the sweet evening air in the garden" as in "the being made miserable by Mrs. Opie's 'Father and Daughter.'" The want of correspondence between the essential enormity of crimes and their penalties is a problem she is not afraid to consider. "The crimes held the most odious are those which interfere with the welfare of society. But the matter of fact is that those very crimes, so odious, do not necessarily argue a heart so contrary to the spirit of religion, so far from an union with God, as many other dispositions." As a physician watches symptoms, she watches the gradations of change, produced by mere external circumstances, in her judgment of her neighbors. In sickness "how instantly the idea of immediate danger softens every feeling towards the individual, and places him in a different relative position to you! How all the best parts of the character rise at once to your view, every reason of regret, every tie, every feeling of tenderness or affection." Self-study is no insurance against vexation at unjust estimates by others. The journals record what are seemingly attempts by the writer to school herself into "independence of others' opinions." The want of it produces an effect she declares to be "chilling, cramping, despairing."

In all she writes and thinks an eagerness is visible to see two sides of a question or a character. In one place she catalogues the possible drawbacks to the qualities commonly accepted as meritorious. The "notable" woman is often only "stingy, trifling, bothering;" the "tractable" child is sometimes "spiritless, dull, hopeless;" the "honest" servant, one who is "always suspicious and complaining." She acknowledges punctuality to be "the comfort of life," and that the want of it is "a public inconvenience, selfishness, want of consideration." Unfortunately, when she surveys the most punctual people of her acquaintance, she finds them "the most disagreeable." The unpunctual are "easy, unfussy, good-tempered, ready for enjoy-

ment, *sans souci*, informal." At another time she is seen reminding herself of the counterbalancing vices and virtues of rival Churches. In Catholicism she perceives the good tendencies in the shape of faith, reverence, and self-sacrifice, as well as the bad towards superstition, equivocation, and carelessness about so-called venial sins. In Evangelicalism she recognizes, beyond the narrowness, and emphasis on doctrines above works, the spirituality and zeal, and even the liberality in "dwelling on the Church of Christ rather than the Church of England." Unitarianism itself has a kind word from her for its toleration, love of science, and "universal philanthropy," though she condemns its deficiency in humility and Christian love, its "resting on outward moral works," and even its want of "literature and scholarship."

In one note the hereditary Whig, and political and social reformer, is in revolt against all her traditions and practice. She deploras that she has been born in an "age of humbug." It is an age, she exclaims to herself, of the establishment of "branch Bible societies, when Bibles might be procured with equal ease and rather less expense from the neighboring towns." Means are "accumulated for teaching certain classes of persons what those persons can never make any use of." Girls are taught Latin and mathematics, "whilst the practical doctrine of the odiousness of female blueism, requiring every charm of manner and face to get over, is rather gaining than losing ground." The greatest inconvenience is undergone to "have one's letters soon," when "we have not in the course of the year one that would signify if it lay at the post-office two days instead of two hours." With no fear of Trades' Union Congresses before her eyes, or the fate of Archbishop Whately's economical reputation, she actually decries "subscriptions to relieve the distressed manufacturers, who thereby are enabled to stand out for wages against their masters." In another two or three weeks the fit of disgust is over; perhaps there was a glimpse of gay spring weather; and at the end of the same February, 1827, she observes that "there never has been a scheme for the improvement of things and men since the world began that was not called humbug by somebody." She admires Arnold's bold avowal of the existence of difficulties in the Scriptures, and eulogizes Milman for taking his stand, in his "History of the Jews," upon "the high ground that

it is the over-demand on people's faith that makes shipwreck of it." Such latitudinarianism approves itself, however, not because the province of religion is thereby limited, but because it is widened to her. "The moment this latitude of interpretation is allowed, one's mind has nothing to divert it from dwelling only on what is unquestionably divine." If she admired the courage of Milman and Arnold, she revered the humility of the faith of Reginald Heber, of whom she writes in 1824: "He seemed positively not to know from his own experience the existence of evil passions; and the effect of this was that he could never be brought to believe in the evil designs and bad motives of others." Then suddenly among the higher flights of thought and fancy comes a pleasant little reminder that the journalist is a woman after all. She is recording a dream of the past night, in which she had found herself at the point of death. A thousand things, she remembered, rushed at once into her mind, first about her children, but next "what I wished done with my things."

In these extracts, the history of a very tender and graceful mind is the most valuable feature. But Mrs. Stanley could describe what she saw as picturesquely as what she felt. Alderley Mere gleams in the pages of her diary. Alderley churchyard is both seen and heard preaching a sermon on death and life, in a starry August night, from "the graves on which I stood, the worlds above my head." Very regretfully she has to interrupt the discourse in order to "come in and think what gowns must be packed for High Legh." Another day she sketches the old manor-house of fifty years ago, with "the large hall swallowing up half the house," the velvet lawn, and "the verses over every rustic seat;" the rectory, not yet agitated by influences either of Oriel, or of Exeter Hall, or of Rugby; where "you see that every stick and flower about the house is an object of care and interest, that these make the events of life." She is taken to see the elder Kean play Othello. So diminutive, that he looked like "a little black girl in a shift," with a voice so bad, "whenever it rises out of the common level, as to make you involuntarily clear your throat for him," he yet made her feel how "mind could rise over matter." But she felt it by a certain compulsion. In a few days she sees him as Richard III., when the play of his countenance, "half at least of his acting," could be observed, and is captivated.



In the battle scene "his fencing really puts you out of breath — it is not fencing, it is fighting for his life. Nothing can be finer than the effect of the disarmed hand fighting on."

The occasion of her stay in London was the visit of the allied sovereigns in June 1814. The czar was the centre of attraction. Mrs. Stanley notes one transparency inscribed "Hosanna to Jehovah, Britain, and Alexander!" She could not obtain a seat at the opera on the gala night, but was told as an "undoubted" fact that the emperor and prince regent, when the Princess of Wales came into her box, rose and bowed to her, it is supposed by previous arrangement." Lord Liverpool had "declared that he would resign unless something of the sort were done." One gentleman, she was also informed, "made forty guineas by opening his box door and allowing those in the lobbies to take a peep for a guinea apiece." Next to the emperor, Blucher was the most admired of the strangers. Mrs. Stanley laments, "I was close to Blucher yesterday, but only saw his back, for I never thought of looking at a man's face who had only got a black coat on." Alexander, she complains, required a foxhound's sagacity to scent him, for "he slips round by back ways." He had also a disconcerting objection to long sittings. Invited to dine by the city, he accepted on condition that the banquet should not "exceed three-quarters of an hour," at which Sir William Curtis lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "God bless me!" Even mere Englishmen connected with the triumphant foreign policy were not neglected. She saw Lord Castlereagh in the park "almost pulled off his horse by congratulations and huzzahs as loud as the emperor's." Great objects, it might have been thought, would have swallowed up the little ones. "No such thing! They have only made the appetite for them more ravenous." Lord Hill at the review had to preserve his Order of the Bath from being carried off as a keepsake by handing it to Major Churchill. Major Churchill put it in his holster, and "declared," or more probably swore, "he would cut any man's hand off who touched it." The mob had to content itself by tearing away Lord Hill's sword by breaking the belt, handing it round to be kissed, and pulling hair out of his horse's tail. "One butcher's boy, who arrived at the happiness of shaking his hand, they chaired, exclaiming, 'This is the man who has shaken hands with Lord Hill.'"

When, asks Mrs. Stanley, "can the English ever be called cool and phlegmatic again?"

Her other special experience of an historical event was the occasion of the opening of the railway from Liverpool to Manchester by the Duke of Wellington. The Tories of the district embraced the opportunity to fête the duke. A Whig lady like Mrs. Stanley felt a certain gratified party malice in remarking that the "very ugliest of the ugly formed the first rank of the avenue of dames up which the hero passed on his arrival." She does not omit to mention that the prime minister "made a bad long speech and a good short one." As it happened sadly enough, the duke was not the hero of the solemnity after all. She and her husband had been given places to see the train come in from Liverpool. The appointed hour was past. "At last we heard a distant cheer; but it died away, as the engine which approached came with only one car attached to it. Presently there was a cry through the crowd of 'A surgeon — Lord Wilton wants a surgeon — the duke is hurt.'" The sufferer was Mr. Huskisson, not the duke. The duke was persuaded, much against his kindly inclination, to continue his journey to Manchester, leaving Mr. Huskisson at Eccles Rectory. The mob, which perhaps had not realized the disaster to a great statesman, cheered the prime minister. "The cheers," writes Mrs. Stanley, who had heard of the tragedy, "turned one sick." The calamity marred the effect of the Duke of Wellington's visit to Lancashire, which the party managers had hoped to convert into a political demonstration. But in no case could the progress of reform have been retarded. Mrs. Stanley was too meditative to make a perfect partisan. She was no Radical, "rather leaning," she confesses, "to the illiberal side of the question," and regretting the march of intellect which, she thought, confused the distinctions of rank. An entry in her diary of a visit to a wealthy and highly educated manufacturer mentions, as a fact needing record, that he is "quite a gentleman." Even in the eager strife of the general election her emotions were excited not by the hopes of Whiggism, but by "the universal sacrifice on both sides of private feeling, private interests, and private opinions, to the cause." The very attorneys received no pay: "I do not consider myself your agent," said the Macclesfield lawyer to the reforming candidate, "but the agent

of the cause." She claimed it "as the privilege of womanhood" to be able to discern "the middle line of moderation and truth, which is imperceptible, and inaccessible, and impracticable, to those who are to take an active part—to men, in short." She would have been either more or less than woman had the wife of a Stanley of Alderley been impervious to a sense of pleasure at the balance inclining in the direction she considered altogether the direction of truth and national enlightenment.

That the Whig triumph was to turn the happiest of Cheshire rectors into a struggling and unpopular bishop may or may not have been foreseen by her; it could scarcely have been desired. Her husband and herself shared a lifelong regret for that perfect home, and year by year they affectionately revisited it. He never found again the old delightful correspondence between his work and his powers. With her the sudden silence of her journal indicates that episcopal cares denied to the wife, as well as the husband, leisure for living the inner life of which the diary had registered the growth. The philosophic temper, however, survived transplantation to a scene of combative and often rancorous controversy. It survived even as terrible a series of losses as ever woman suffered and made no fuss over. Her husband died in September 1849. Her youngest son, Captain Charles Edward Stanley, had already died in August in Tasmania. Her eldest, Captain Owen Stanley, the explorer of the mazes of the Coral Sea and the coast of New Guinea, died in March 1850. One after another descended these blows upon her. They neither crushed her power of thought, nor deadened her sympathies. This generation has forgotten the Whig Bishop of Norwich. It may be grateful to the filial piety which, in reviving the recollection of the bishop's work, has restored to it the setting which toned and tempered in life its harder outlines—the gracious piety and enlightened tolerance of a woman who, in a less happy home, might have made a poetess or a metaphysician.

forms the nucleus of the Prussian kingdom. Berlin is placed in its midst, and no one who has travelled by daylight from Hamburg or Bremen to that most uninteresting of European capitals can fail to understand some at least of the causes which combine to form the singularly unimaginative character of the ordinary North-German. An immense sandy plain on which verdure and cultivation are principally represented by melancholy pine forests, and which is sparsely dotted with tiny, red-roofed villages; no welcome hill to break the oppressive monotony of the distant horizon—such is the landscape which for mile after mile stupefies the faculties of the unlucky traveller. After such a journey we can but feel that the ugliness and the dreariness of the capital are in strict accordance with the fitness of things.

Our destination, however, lies south of Berlin, and as the train speeds onwards we notice with relief some undulations, even reaching the dignity of low hills, and the range of the Riesen Gebirge, which forms the Bohemian frontier, shows faintly blue before us. In the nearer distance rises a curious conical hill, detached from any range, and apparently an outlier of the Saxon volcanic system. It is entirely composed of basalt, and at the mouth of the ancient crater are to be found perfectly fresh-looking scoriæ. Basaltic columns are often placed at the sides of the high-roads of the district, and the hard, volcanic rock is in some request for road-making. Presently, as we are bumping along the paving of the *Landstrasse*, we perceive a much pleasanter-looking division of the road, free from pavement; but we are not allowed to shirk the jolting, for that is the *Sommerweg*, and must only be used in dry weather; and somehow, at whatever season of the year we find ourselves on that road, it is never the right time for the *Sommerweg*. But even long German miles must come to an end at last, and after passing the little white church with its red roof and tiny spire, the carriage draws up before a good-sized house, originally in the shape of a Latin cross, but somewhat altered by modern hands since the Knights of St. John built it some centuries back. Its date is not known, but it succeeded an *alte Schloss*, the moat of which still surrounds a tree-covered islet. The first domestic fact which strikes us is the exceedingly small stature of the menservants; the footman, clad in a marvellous green livery turned up with racoon fur, knee-breeches, and

From The Saturday Review.

#### A SILESIAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

THERE is a dismal tract of country between the German Ocean and the mountains of Saxony, bordered on the west by Holland and on the east by Poland, which

gaiters, stands about five feet high, and the coachman is smaller still. It is explained by our hosts that the taller men are more liable to be suddenly called upon to fight for their Vaterland, whereas these small people would only be called out in the case of a very pressing emergency. So there is an amiable rivalry among the great ladies as to who shall secure the shortest servant. The great feature in the day is undoubtedly dinner, which takes place at two or three in the afternoon, when the food is of that frightfully substantial kind wherein the German nation excels. The length of the meal on occasion of a party is appalling, and it is apt to be taken for rudeness if one of the unfortunate guests finds it out of his power to do ample justice to every dish. Two gastronomic delicacies belong especially to Silesia; one is *Pumpernickel*, the blackest rye bread, which, eaten with cheese, is not unpalatable; the other, *Spickgans*, being salted strips of raw goose, is somewhat startling to an English mind, but it is eaten with infinite gusto by all classes of the natives. There is a fish, said to be only found in the Elbe and its tributaries, which is in some request—it is the *Sande*, or pike-perch. As in other parts of the Continent, so also here, the fish appears about the middle of the dinner. After their coffee the gentlemen play a kind of long whist for small points, while the ladies, left to themselves, knit, talk, and play or sing. About seven or eight there is supper, and towards ten the guests depart. Some of the more modern-minded people are beginning to shorten these wearisome entertainments, but they are still carried out to their fullest extent in the country.

Our host probably fills the office of *Amtsvorsteher*, in which he combines the duties of magistrate and policeman. He has to settle disputes between masters and servants, husbands and wives; to fix the day of any village festivity, such as the *Schutz-feste*; to give permission for a dance at a public-house; and to arrest and imprison any suspicious characters whom he may come across. Just now, when the dread of Socialism is influencing so strongly the mind of the government, this last duty is no sinecure. Any one who, on being questioned, cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, is liable to be imprisoned at the magistrate's pleasure. The prison consists of a room at the back of a cottage close by, where the prisoner is well lodged and fed; and in one instance within our knowledge,

where the Herr Baron is the most amiable of mortals, the culprit was sent on his journey the next day furnished, for his physical and spiritual improvement, with some cigars and a New Testament. Where the power is exercised leniently, as in this case, the system may not work badly; but it seems a dangerous weapon to place in the hands of practically irresponsible persons, and one can but tremble at the thought of what may happen when the iron hand that now crushes out all liberty of thought and action shall be relaxed in death, and when weaker wills may in vain strive to stem the torrent so long repressed by force. For liberty does not exist in Prussia in any sense in which we understand the word. A peasant may not build a cottage on his own land without a previous visit from the government inspector to ascertain that the precise legal distance from the road (not what we call a high-road, but simply a footpath through the fields) is not infringed. A farmer may be compelled to keep the servant with whom he has quarrelled. There is incessant petty meddling in the affairs of private persons. And, whatever may be the objections occasionally made to the decisions of a bench of English county magistrates, surely it would be a far worse state of things were single squires allowed to enforce the law on their own estates with no formality or check of any kind.

The village consists of three divisions—*Ober*, *Mittel*, and *Nieder*—but the houses are nearly continuous, and its total length must be four miles. The houses are all detached, and each stands in its own little plot of ground; a little further back a second smaller building is usually to be seen, provided for the comfort of the parents when the eldest son marries. They are all built of wood and plaster, in something of the same style as the picturesque farmhouses in some of our midland counties, with deeply overhanging eaves. A dog is always tied up near the house, and there are usually a few cows, sometimes goats. The peasants appear well-to-do and industrious; but they drink a great deal of the highly intoxicating *Schnapps* distilled from potatoes, which are grown for this purpose in great quantities all over the district, and drunkenness is but too common. The early or late arrival of the postman is supposed to be according to the number of houses where he has been treated to *Schnapps* that morning. There is apparently an almost total absence of religious

feeling among the peasantry. Very few attend the Sunday services, which are certainly not attractive by their liveliness; and the Herr Pastor, a well-meaning man of the Dissenting-minister type, has little influence with them. Sunday is not observed more strictly than in Roman Catholic countries, the only perceptible difference being that it is not considered correct in Silesia for gentlemen to go out shooting on Sundays; but it is the favorite day for dinner-parties. The government schoolmasters are often professed infidels, besides being a very ignorant set of men; and the children grow up wild, and ready to receive any mischievous teaching that may come in their way.

All about the district are scattered villages of the Wends, a Slav race who have retained their own language, habits, and dress in the midst of the German population for many centuries. They are curious-looking folk, short and square, with high cheekbones; they intermarry and live entirely among themselves. It is not uncommon to find two villages of the same name a mile or two apart, called Deutsch and Windisch so-and-so. It is asserted that the Wends only became Christian in the last generation, and that they are still very superstitious with regard to snakes, which they will not kill; it is said that some hundreds of snakes (we presume of a harmless kind) once spent the winter curled up together in the lower story of a Wendish dwelling. These strange people are looked upon with considerable antipathy by their German neighbors, and most likely the feeling is reciprocated, as the Wends must consider themselves the original possessors of the country.

People who are interested in the question of the disposal of superfluous female population may take an opportunity of paying a visit to one of those institutions, peculiar to North Germany, for the maintenance of destitute ladies of high birth. Since a well-born German girl can by no means condescend to earn her bread, and since the number of noble paupers is large, benevolent men have built and endowed many a *Stift* in Silesia and Saxony for their reception. The appointment of the ladies is in the hands of a committee; but each must have a certain number of quarterings, and sometimes preference is given to "Founder's kin;" the number is limited, and at the head is a *Stiftshofmeisterin*, who is appointed by the crown, and who in virtue of her office takes a

high rank of precedence at court. The ladies need not be orphans, and if their parents are alive they spend so many months in the year with them; if they marry, a suitable dowry is provided for them. In many cases they spend their whole lives in the *Stift*. The *Meisterin* has absolute control over the others, and has to keep peace and order, which must sometimes be a difficult task among a dozen or more idle women. One *Stift*, which is just within the Saxon frontier, and where the ladies are half Saxons, half Prussians, is on a palatial scale. It was built about two hundred years ago in the Italian style, with a grand approach of steps and terraces; within is a great marble hall with magnificent staircases on either side. On the first floor is a saloon forty feet high, with a painted ceiling, and on the same floor are the guests' rooms and the *Meisterin's* suite of apartments. The ladies are lodged above, the seniors having two rooms; they all furnish the rooms themselves, and very pretty many of them are. They have their private laundry, their maids, and their carriages; and, in fact, every luxury to which their birth may be considered to entitle them. The endowment funds are invested in farms, which are rapidly increasing in value; so that there is absolutely a surplus of revenue. One cannot help wondering how these luxurious institutions would fare under a democratic order of things. Their *raison d'être* is not likely to be perceived by any but the aristocratic class for whom they are founded, and whom alone they benefit. Wisely, as it seems to us, the committee has recently agreed that some of the superfluous income shall be devoted to the support of a school for the neighboring peasants' children; and this school is established in the *Stift* grounds. There seems to be a lack of interests and occupations among the ladies; and no wonder, for cultivation of the intellectual powers does not come at present within the German scheme of female education. They can all play the piano and sing, often very well; but they have little knowledge of the works of the great composers, and prefer the emptiest modern music. It must be a dreary life to enter upon at eighteen; for the chances of marriage are not very many, and no other career is open to them.

As far as a foreigner's observations go, the Prussian social system appears to be in a most precarious condition. The lower classes are in a state of ferment and upheaval; while the nobility is crystal-

lized, with its mediæval institutions, its antiquated habits of thought, and its utter want of sympathy with any class but its own. The *Evangelisch* form of faith has proved an utter failure, as might have been expected from its origin; it is dead already with respect to any influence it may have over the people; morality is undermined, party spirit runs high, and there is little feeling of security in the country. We have plenty of time for reflection on these and kindred topics during our homeward voyage from one of the free cities to London, which we reach with our feelings of attachment to our native land considerably strengthened by force of contrast.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE CRIMINAL CODE OF THE JEWS.

##### VII.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTED MURDER. — ADULTERY. — THE PENALTIES OF IDOLATRY.

THE whole of the crimes already enumerated as entailing the penalty of death are practically but varieties of three offences only — murder, adultery, idolatry. To these must be added the case of an elder who taught contrary to the judgment of the great Synhedrin of Jerusalem. Murder, the first of these and the most serious everywhere, is carefully discriminated in the Talmud. Under certain conditions only was it punished with death. To explain this fully we must ask the question, What constitutes murder according to the Hebrew penal code?

To constitute murder it was necessary to prove malice and intent. In the words of the Bible the criminal must have "hated his neighbor from heretofore;" and as regards the commission of the offence, he must have "lain in wait" for his victim in order to slay him. The malice and intent were to be actual and demonstrable. Only when the crime was assassination, deliberate and premeditated, was sentence of death pronounced.

Before proceeding further it is necessary to refer here to a remarkable enactment of the Talmud, known as the "preliminary caution." This ordinance of the Mishnic doctors required that, in order to secure a conviction in certain cases, proof had to be forthcoming that the witnesses had warned the accused prior to the commission of the offence with which

he was charged and informed him of the gravity of the crime he contemplated and the penalty attached to its perpetration. M. Rabinowicz regards this injunction of the rabbins as designed to abolish altogether the penalty of death. He thinks that in a case of assassination failure of evidence to prove that the culprit had received this "preliminary warning" would constitute one of the extenuating circumstances which evitate capital punishment. We venture to think that M. Rabinowicz misapprehends the real purpose and intent of the curious proviso. In the first place, an important beraitha declares in the words of Jossé, the son of Judah, that the only object of this enactment was to prevent the condemnation of a person ignorant of the gravity of the offence he had committed. He adds that in the case of a properly instructed man proof of the preliminary caution was not necessary in order to procure a conviction. Again, the Talmud emphatically declares that an acquittal contrary to an explicit injunction of the Pentateuch, or written law, had to be annulled. Now, the Mosaic code constantly assumes that every man is cognizant of the penal provisions of the Bible. The Talmud always acts upon this assumption; notably in the enactments respecting the contumacious elder. Every Jew is supposed to know what constitutes murder and what is the penalty incurred thereby. The Pentateuch says nothing of any preliminary caution whatever. In a case of premeditated and wilful assassination, proved by witnesses in accordance with the rules of evidence, an acquittal grounded upon this provision of the rabbins only would be manifestly opposed to the letter and spirit of the written law. Such a judgment would therefore, as a beraitha expressly states, be illegal and void. The real object and intention of the preliminary warning will be presently indicated.

Ordinary cases of murder (*i.e.* not assassination under the circumstances above mentioned) were punished with imprisonment for life or perpetual seclusion. Here the absence of long-harbored malice, nourished enmity, and premeditated design constituted valid arguments against a capital conviction. Assassination, clearly proved, but not witnessed by persons qualified to give valid evidence, was also punishable in the same way. In every charge of murder — common homicide — it was indispensable to prove that the conduct or action of the culprit was



the direct cause of death. The intent of the deed, the design of the prisoner at the moment of committing the crime to take away life, must be incontrovertibly demonstrable and clearly established. As a contributory, or as one among many others who slew a man, he could never be convicted of murder. For instance, a man and his neighbor quarrelled and fought. The former threw his opponent into a ditch. There was a ladder in it at the time by which any one could have got out. The man above walked away. Another passed by, and, seeing a ladder leading into the ditch, removed it. The person below could not escape, and perished in consequence. Under such circumstances a charge of murder could not be maintained against the man who had thrown the deceased person into the *fosse* where he died. This leading case embodies the principle throughout adhered to by Hebrew legists. Constructive murder was unknown to the Jewish judges. If three, five, or any number of men attacked a single person and slew him, only the assailant whose hand actually inflicted death could be found guilty of murder. Where, on the other hand, the man who actually killed the victim could not be distinguished among the others, all of them were imprisoned for a fixed period, and could be compelled to support the family of the deceased person. The perpetual incarceration of a murderer had nothing in common with the modern systems of penal servitude. M. Rabbino-wicz with much discrimination contrasts the seclusion of a convict as ordained by the Hebrew code for the protection of society and such systems of lifelong incarceration as prevail in our own time. The mere deprivation of liberty was considered by the rabbins the severest punishment a human being could undergo. The penalty of murder is, in the characteristic phrase of the Talmud, that the murderer "be put in prison; and they give him the bread and water of misery."

Adultery was, as stated, punishable with death. To secure a conviction it was imperative that evidence be adduced conclusively showing that two witnesses had cautioned the accused of the gravity of the crime he or she was about to commit. In connection with this offence the primary and real intention of the preliminary warning insisted upon by the Talmud will be clearly understood. In other crimes men alone as a rule were the culprits. In adultery women would necessarily come prominently before the Syn-

drin as the accused. Now, a vast amount of nonsense has been written regarding the position of females among the Hebrews. Argument ample and instance abounding have been produced to demonstrate the light esteem in which women were held by the Jews. A deal of misdirected ingenuity has been applied to refuting these assertions. The subject has, however, never been properly explained. The Talmud is no orderly digest or methodized summary of laws such as moderns are accustomed to. It is a veritable garden of wild growths; a luxuriant wilderness. Argument and dicta and enactment and proverb and legend are mixed and commingled in an harmonious confusion. It requires some amount of dexterity to pick one's way. Throughout this medley women are regarded from two points of view — the legal and the social. The references to women require, therefore, to be sorted and strung together in two separate series. As to the social position of women a few quotations will suffice to show the high regard in which they were held. "The verse in the Book of Job (v. 24), which says thou 'shalt see prosperity in thy tents,' refers," explains the Talmud, "to him who, loving his wife as himself, has more regard for her honor than for his own"! The Rabbi Johanan says, "He who has the misfortune to lose his wife is as though he had witnessed the destruction of the Temple. For sacred writ does not disdain to figure in the death of Ezekiel's wife the overthrow of the holy edifice." The learned Samuel, the son of Nahaman (who lost his first spouse when very young) declares "that all things may be replaced; but never the wife of one's youth." Rabbi Eleazer adds: "The altar itself weeps when a man divorces his wife." These sayings will suffice to indicate that socially women were regarded with the highest respect and esteem. But legally their status was undeniably inferior to that of men. A woman was not in certain lawsuits permitted to give evidence. She was regarded as one uninstructed; one unversed in the law. But mark how this worked. When a woman appeared before the Synhedrin charged with adultery she was presumably ignorant of the gravity of the offence she had committed, and unaware of the penalty entailed thereby, unless evidence *to the contrary* was forthcoming. In order, therefore, to convict an adulteress it was indispensable, owing to her legal position, that competent witnesses should have warned her prior to the com-

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mission of the crime of its serious character and its punishment. Such testimony was not likely to be produced in such cases. Its absence declared the accused not responsible for the offence. The enactment of the "preliminary caution" was therefore an argument in favor of the acquittal of a woman charged with any crime, notably with adultery. This may all seem very strange — perhaps not quite credible; but it is true, nevertheless.

Idolatry was considered the most heinous offence of which a Jew could be guilty. Among a people professing a monotheistic faith, hedged in by nations given to every form of paganism, prone to abominations of every kind, it was thought necessary that any public desecration of religion should be severely punished. Hence in such cases ignorance could not be pleaded in extenuation of the crime; nor was any preliminary warning requisite in order that judgment of death might be legally pronounced. In ordinary affairs, as in the more serious matters capitally punishable, the Hebrew code did not permit of any sort of detective system. A man was not permitted to secrete himself in order to watch his neighbor. A witness who had acted in such a manner would not have been permitted to give evidence. When, however, a Jew was believed to have publicly devoted himself to idolatry, and to have endeavored to seduce his neighbors to the same practices, any ruse was permitted for the purpose of demonstrating his guilt. If, for example, he declared to one person only that in such and such a grove an image was erected, and attempted to persuade him to join in worship there, the latter was permitted to hide a friend wherever convenient, and calling the idolater, might say to him, "Now tell me more about that image you worship." If the backslider repeated his solicitations the testimony of the two witnesses was procured, which was necessary for condemnation. But previous to laying the matter before a Synhedrin it was imperative upon both witnesses to reason with the idolater. They were, according to the Talmud, to speak kindly with him. They should address him and say: "How! would you have us forsake our God who is in heaven to follow deities who are made of wood and stone?" If the erring brother gave ear to their exhortation and quitted his pagan practices, the witnesses who knew of his backsliding were not permitted to mention the

fact to any neighbors or friends. "He who repents must never be reminded of his former iniquities." But if obstinately bent on worshipping the image he had found and set up for himself, the depositions as to the circumstances were laid before the tribunal. These facts were, however, only sufficient to found an accusation upon. To convict it was necessary to prove that the offender was really given to the pagan practices to which he endeavored to persuade his brethren. Similarly, in the case of a simple idolater it was requisite to prove more than mere adoration of an image or prostration before it, or dressing and tending it. It must be shown that he acknowledged it verbally as his divinity, and immolated sacrifices or offered incense in its honor. This was essential in order to constitute idolatry punishable with death.

The remaining capital offence — disobedience to the judgment of the great Synhedrin of Jerusalem — has been already referred to. The penalty was necessary in this case, not solely on account of the mischief resulting from an elder or judge, having influence and authority, acting and inducing others to act contrary to tradition, but for another reason. It must be borne in mind that the Synhedrin at Jerusalem was the parliament of the nation, and disregard of its authority was high treason. An execution for such an offence could only take place in Jerusalem; and only during the celebration of one of the Shalosh Regalim — three great festivals of the year — when every male came up to the capital. By this arrangement the injunction of the Pentateuch was fulfilled (Deut. xvii. 13), and "all Israel heard."

Two other punishments are prescribed by the Hebrew code: internment in a city of refuge, and flogging — the former for accidentally killing a neighbor; the latter for a large number of serious offences. Of these we shall speak in our next article.

#### VIII.

##### CITIES OF REFUGE. — THE PUNISHMENT FOR PERJURY. — FLOGGING.

**HOMICIDE** by misadventure — that is, the accidental killing of a fellow-man — entailed upon the offender the penalty of internment in a city of refuge. The slaying of a neighbor by mischance was not, however, regarded as a crime properly so called; nor does the Talmud consider

the penalty thereby incurred in the light of a punishment. The Pentateuch, in common with all ancient legal systems, recognized the right of private vengeance in cases of murder and manslaughter. The family, relatives, and connections of the deceased could slay the culprit, wherever discovered. But most nations arranged the matter satisfactorily by a pecuniary payment. The Mosaic code abolished the blood-money altogether; but this left the offender at the mercy of those who were entitled to avenge the death. Recollecting probably his own misadventure with the Egyptian whom he accidentally slew, and his compulsory flight in consequence, Moses provided in his legislative scheme for the establishment of cities of refuge. To these the Hebrew who by mischance killed his neighbor was permitted to proceed. Here he was in safety—secure from the vengeance of the *go'el hadam*, the “redeemer of the blood.” The arrangement was therefore rather in the nature of a privilege than a punishment.

Internment in one of the cities of refuge was not the scampering process depicted in popular engraving: a man in the last stage of exhaustion at the gate of an eastern town; his pursuers close upon him, arrows fixed and bows drawn; his arms stretched imploringly towards a fair Jewish damsel with pitcher gracefully poised upon her head. This may be extremely picturesque, but it is miserably unlike the custom in vogue among the Hebrews. Internment in a city of refuge was a sober judicial proceeding. He who claimed the privilege was tried before the Synhedrin like any ordinary criminal. He was required to undergo examination; to confront witnesses; to produce evidence, precisely as in the case of other offenders. He had to prove that the homicide was purely accidental; that he had borne no malice against his neighbor; that he had not lain in wait for him to slay him. Only when the judges were convinced that the crime was homicide by misadventure was the culprit adjudged to be interned in one of the sheltering cities. There was no scurrying in the matter; no abrupt flight; no hot pursuit, and no appeal for shelter. As soon as judgment was pronounced the criminal was conducted to one of the appointed places. He was accompanied the whole distance by two *talmidē-chachamim*—disciples of the rabbins. The avengers of the blood dared not interfere with the

offender on the way. To slay him would have been murder, punishable with death. The cities of refuge were six in number—three on this side Jordan, three on the other. They were so situate as to be almost opposite each other. Hebron in Judah, over against Bezer in the Wilderness; Sechem in Ephraim, against Ramath Gilead; Kadesh Naphthali, against Golan. These places divided Palestine in four equal portions, being so arranged that the distances from the southern boundary to Hebron, from Hebron to Sechem, from Sechem to Kadesh, and from Kadesh to the northern frontier, were nearly identical. There were excellent roads from one to the other; at intervals signposts were erected indicating the way to the nearer city of refuge. Arrived at whichever of these he had selected, the conductors handed the offender into the charge of the Levites. These allotted to him a dwelling-place. He was in every respect free; but not permitted to go beyond the boundaries of the territory pertaining to the town. Here he remained until the death of the high priest. Whenever this occurred he was at liberty to return to his home.

The Talmud distinguishes two kinds of accidental homicide—one where the death is due to the conduct or negligence of the accused only; the other, where the deceased contributed thereto by some act of his own. For instance, a man is engaged building a house in a public street; he is carrying a heavy stone on to the roof. This falls upon a neighbor passing below and kills him. The victim here is not to blame. In such a case the culprit would have been interned in a city of refuge. Again, a person is occupied in repairing an edifice situated in a private court to which no one but the owner has the right of access. A stranger enters; as he does so a stone falls and kills him. In a case like this the deceased was considered as having contributed to his own death; and no punishment whatever followed. A father who chastised his son and undesignedly killed him; a teacher who punished a pupil and unintentionally caused his death; and the person who, by order of the Synhedrin, inflicted corporal punishment upon a culprit, which unfortunately terminated fatally—these likewise were not interned in a city of refuge. But in all other cases of homicide coming under the category before mentioned, where the victim was not a contributory to his own

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death, the penalty was enforced. A noteworthy exception is, however, found in the Talmud. There resided among the Jews a great number of so-called proselytes of the gate — strangers who had in all essentials adopted the Hebrew faith. If one of these by misadventure killed an Israelite he was not conducted to any of the six cities, but was sent back to his native country. And so in the case of a Hebrew accidentally killing a resident — a *gher thoshab*, as the rabbins term him — internment was considered unnecessary. There were no relatives in Palestine to avenge the death of the sojourner; no useful purpose could therefore be served by exiling the culprit from his home for a number of years. In the case of a high priest dying after the condemnation of a criminal, but before he arrived at the city of refuge, the latter was free. If a new high priest had been elected before judgment was pronounced in a trial for homicide, the internment took place. If any person was so unfortunate as to kill accidentally the high priest, or if this functionary was himself the culprit, he was confined to one of the appointed towns during the whole of his lifetime. Those who were conducted to the cities of refuge for the inadvertent murder of a fellow-man entailed no expense upon the State or their friends. The mother of the high priest supplied these offenders with food and clothing, in order that they might not pray for the death of her son!

The punishment provided for perjurers by the Pentateuch is peculiar. Like another Mosaic ordinance it was probably suggested to the Hebrew legislator by the practice of the ancient Egyptians. A false witness was condemned to suffer whatever pains and penalties a conviction would have entailed upon those whom he wrongfully accused. Theoretically this appears extremely simple; its practical application was beset with difficulties. Nor is the language of the Bible sufficiently explicit in the case of sentence of death to render misinterpretation impossible. We have in a previous article indicated one case where a result of this injunction would prove a sheer absurdity, and the perjurer escape without any punishment whatever. Other instances are readily furnished. A man, for example, accuses another of accidental homicide; the penalty of this offence is internment in a city of refuge. The testimony is proved to be false; the witness perjured. Is he therefore to be conducted to a city

of refuge? An offender confined to one of these places was not undergoing a species of imprisonment. He was perfectly free. The only influence that induced — nay, compelled — him to remain was the dread of being slain by the avenger of blood. A false witness, if condemned to this internment, would have no fear of any such consequences; the punishment would be ridiculous. Again, a man accuses one of his neighbors of stealing a sheep. The law in this case enjoined fivefold restitution. If the thief be unable to pay the amount he could be sold into servitude until the next jubilee in order to furnish the money. The prisoner in this case is found to be poor. The witness is proved to have committed perjury: the accused is set free. How was the individual guilty of a false oath to be punished in this instance? He might fairly object to being sold; the neighbor whom he sought to ruin might justly urge that a money penalty is by no means equivalent to the years of servitude he could have been compelled to endure. Yet more complicated was the application of the Mosaic ordinance where the sentence of death was incurred. A difficulty in the interpretation of the law occurred at the very outset. The Sadducees — who adhered to the letter of Scripture — urged that a perjurer could not be capitally condemned unless the person whom he falsely accused had already been executed. They based their arguments upon the Biblical formula, "Life for life." Against these the rabbins produced the Mosaic injunction. This expressly declares that the false witness should be punished, as he had "intended" that the accused should suffer. The Ghemara holds the law to be both impracticable and incomprehensible. It was, however, on one occasion carried into effect. The instance is recorded in the Talmud. Judah, the son of Tabai, condemned a perjurer to death; he was accordingly executed. The rabbin subsequently related the circumstance to Shimon, the son of Shatah. The latter thereupon asserted that innocent blood had been shed, and expounded the law to his colleague. From thenceforward the son of Tabai never pronounced a judgment in the absence of Shimon ben Shatah; and every day as long as he lived he visited the cemetery and threw himself upon the grave of the witness whom he had condemned. To obviate any difficulties the Talmud prescribed for all cases of perjury

one uniform punishment: stripes — that is, flogging.

According to the prescription of the Pentateuch an offender sentenced to be flogged was always punished in the presence of the Synhedrin that condemned him. The stripes, which might not exceed thirty-nine in number, were inflicted mercifully. A post was fixed in the earth; to this the hands of the offender were tied. The hazan — doorkeeper, attendant, messenger, and in modern times the reader of the community — performed the duty of executioner. The culprit was first stripped to the waist. Two qualified judges then examined him to determine how many stripes he was strong enough to endure. If these experts disagreed in their estimate the smaller number was accepted. If they decided that the offender was capable of enduring the whole thirty-nine, and it was subsequently found that he was not sufficiently robust to do so, punishment ceased. If, on the other hand, they considered that (say) only eighteen stripes should be inflicted, and it was afterwards seen that the criminal could bear the full quota, no addition might be made to the original estimate. In all cases the number fixed must be divisible into three even portions; that is, if the judges decided the offender could bear twenty stripes, they must only award eighteen; if eight, only six. The handle of the whip was four fingers' breadth long; the thong of the same breadth and long enough to cross the body. One of the judges gave the word "strike," as the signal for each stripe; another kept reckoning of the number; a third read three portions of Scripture aloud during the punishment; the concluding verse being from the Psalms (lxxviii. 38): "But He, being merciful, forgiveth iniquity." If at any time during the flogging involuntary signs of weakness were observed the culprit was at once released. If he succeeded in freeing himself from the post or managed to escape, the punishment could not again be inflicted. If the whip broke during the flogging, it was not permitted to repair the lash and continue the stripes. In the Talmud stripes are prescribed as the penalty of nearly all ordinary offences of which the criminal code took cognizance. Adultery, immorality, sacrilege, and public desecration of the Mosaic ceremonial laws were all in the later period of Jewish nationality punishable in this manner. Practically, though, flogging seems to have been confined to perjury.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

# TEACHING GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER dear, you do not know; you have lived the old-world life,  
Under the twittering eaves of home, sheltered from storm and strife;  
Rocking cradles, and covering jams, knitting socks for baby feet,  
Or piecing together lavender bags for keeping the linen sweet:  
Daughter, wife, and mother in turn, and each with a blameless breast,  
Then saying your prayers when the nightfall came, and quietly dropping to rest.

You must not think, Granny, I speak in scorn,  
for yours have been well-spent days,  
And none ever paced with more faithful feet the dutiful ancient ways.  
Grandfather's gone, but while he lived you clung to him close and true,  
And mother's heart, like her eyes, I know, came to her straight from you.  
If the good old times, at the good old pace, in the good old grooves would run,  
One could not do better, I'm sure of that, than do as you all have done.

But the world has wondrously changed, Granny, since the days when you were young;  
It thinks quite different thoughts from then, and speaks with a different tongue.  
The fences are broken, the cords are snapped, that tethered man's heart to home;  
He ranges free as the wind or the wave, and changes his shore like the foam.  
He drives his furrows through fallow seas, he reaps what the breakers sow,  
And the flash of his iron flail is seen mid the barns of the barren snow.

He has lassoed the lightning and led it home, he has yoked it unto his need,  
And made it answer the rein and trudge as straight as the steer or steed.  
He has bridled the torrents and made them tame, he has bitted the champing tide,  
It toils as his drudge and turns the wheels that spin for his use and pride.  
He handles the planets and weighs their dust, he mounts on the comet's car,  
And he lifts the veil of the sun, and stares in the eyes of the uttermost star.

'Tis not the same world you knew, Granny; its fetters have fallen off;  
The lowliest now may rise and rule where the proud used to sit and scoff.  
No need to boast of a scutcheon'd stock, claim rights for an ancient wrong;  
All are born with a silver spoon in their mouths whose gums are sound and strong.  
And I mean to be rich and great, Granny; I mean it with heart and soul:  
At my feet is the ball, I will roll it on, till it spins through the golden goal.



Out on the thought that my copious life should  
trickle in trivial days,  
Myself but a lonelier sort of beast, watching  
the cattle graze,  
Scanning the year's monotonous change, or  
gaping at wind and rain,  
And hanging with meek, solicitous eyes on the  
whims of a creaking vane;  
Wretched if ewes drop single lambs, blest so is  
oilcake cheap,  
And growing old in a tedious round of worry,  
surfeit and sleep.

You dear old Granny, how sweet your smile,  
and how soft your silvery hair!  
But all has moved on while you sate still in  
your cap and easy-chair.  
The torch of knowledge is lit for all, it flashes  
from hand to hand;  
The alien tongues of the earth converse, and  
whisper from strand to strand.  
The very churches are changed and boast new  
hymns, new rites, new truth;  
Men worship a wiser and greater God than the  
half-known God of your youth.

What! marry Connie and set up house, and  
dwell where my fathers dwelt,  
Giving the homely feasts they gave, and kneel-  
ing where they knelt?  
She is pretty, and good, and void I am sure of  
vanity, greed, or guile;  
But she has not travelled nor seen the world,  
and is lacking in air and style.  
Women now are as wise and strong as men,  
and vie with men in renown;  
The wife that will help to build my fame was  
not bred near a country town.

What a notion! to figure at parish boards, and  
wrangle o'er cess and rate,  
I, who mean to sit for the county yet, and vote  
on an empire's fate;  
To take the chair at the farmers' feasts, and  
tickle their bumpkin ears,  
Who must shake a senate before I die, and  
waken a people's cheers!  
In the olden days was no choice, so sons to the  
roof of their fathers clave:  
But now! 'twere to perish before one's time,  
and to sleep in a living grave.

I see that you do not understand. How should  
you? Your memory clings  
To the simple music of silenced days and the  
skirts of vanishing things.  
Your fancy wanders round ruined haunts, and  
dwells upon oft-told tales;  
Your eyes discern not the widening dawn, nor  
your ears catch the rising gales.  
But live on, Granny, till I come back, and then  
perhaps you will own  
The dear old past is an empty nest, and the  
present the brood that is flown.

## GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING.

AND so, my dear, you're come back at last?  
I always fancied you would.  
Well, you see the old home of your childhood's  
days is standing where it stood.  
The roses still clamber from porch to roof, the  
elder is white at the gate,  
And over the long smooth gravel path the pea-  
cock still struts in state.  
On the gabled lodge, as of old, in the sun, the  
pigeons sit and coo,  
And our hearts, my dear, are no whit more  
changed, but have kept still warm for you.

You'll find little altered, unless it be me, and  
that since my last attack;  
But so that you only give me time, I can walk  
to the church and back.  
You bade me not die till you returned, and so  
you see I lived on:  
I'm glad that I did now you've really come,  
but it's almost time I was gone.  
I suppose that there isn't room for us all, and  
the old should depart the first.  
That's but as it should be. What is sad, is to  
bury the dead you've nursed.

Won't you take something at once, my dear?  
Not even a glass of whey?  
The dappled Alderney calved last week, and  
the baking is fresh to-day.  
Have you lost your appetite too in town, or is  
it you've grown over-nice?  
If you'd rather have biscuits and cowslip wine,  
they'll bring them up in a trice.  
But what am I saying? Your coming down  
has set me all in a maze:  
I forgot that you travelled down by train; I  
was thinking of coaching days.

There, sit you down, and give me your hand,  
and tell me about it all,  
From the day that you left us, keen to go, to  
the pride that had a fall.  
And all went well at the first? So it does,  
when we're young and puffed with hope;  
But the foot of the hill is quicker reached the  
easier seems the slope.  
And men thronged round you, and women  
too? Yes, that I can understand.  
When there's gold in the palm, the greedy  
world is eager to grasp the hand.

I heard them tell of your smart town house,  
but I always shook my head.  
One doesn't grow rich in a year and a day, in  
the time of my youth 'twas said.  
Men do not reap in the spring, my dear, nor  
are granaries filled in May,  
Save it be with the harvest of former years,  
stored up for a rainy day.  
The seasons will keep their own true time,  
you can hurry nor furrow nor sod:  
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone  
are blest by God.

You say you were honest. I trust you were,  
nor do I judge you, my dear :  
I have old-fashioned ways, and it's quite enough  
to keep one's own conscience clear.  
But still the commandment, "Thou shalt not  
steal," though a simple and ancient rule,  
Was not made for complex cunning to baulk,  
nor for any new age to befool ;  
And if my growing rich unto others brought  
but penury, chill, and grief,  
I should feel, though I never had filched with  
my hands, I was only a craftier thief.

That isn't the way they look at it there ? All  
worshipped the rising sun ?  
Most of all the fine lady, in pride of purse you  
fancied your heart had won.  
I don't want to hear of her beauty or birth : I  
reckon her foul and low ;  
Far better a steadfast cottage wench than grand  
loves that come and go.  
To cleave to their husbands through weal,  
through woe, is all women have to do :  
In growing as clever as men they seem to have  
matched them in fickleness too.

But there's one in whose heart has your image  
still dwelt through many an absent day,  
As the scent of a flower will haunt a closed  
room, though the flower be taken away.  
Connie's not quite so young as she was, no  
doubt, but faithfulness never grows old ;  
And were beauty the only fuel of love, the  
warmest heart soon would grow cold.  
Once you thought that she had not travelled,  
and knew neither the world nor life :  
Not to roam, but to deem her own hearth the  
whole world, that's what a man wants in a  
wife.

I'm sure you'd be happy with Connie, at least  
if your own heart's in the right place.  
She will bring you nor power, nor station, nor  
wealth, but she never will bring you dis-  
grace.  
They say that the moon, though she moves  
round the sun, never turns to him morning  
or night  
But one face of her sphere, and it must be be-  
cause she's so true a satellite ;  
And Connie, if into your orbit once drawn by  
the sacrament sanctioned above,  
Would revolve round you constantly, only to  
show the one-sided aspect of love.

You will never grow rich by the land, I own ;  
but if Connie and you should wed,  
It will feed your children and household too,  
as it you and your fathers fed.  
The seasons have been unkindly of late ; there's  
a wonderful cut of hay,  
But the showers have washed all the goodness  
out, till it's scarcely worth carting away.  
There's a fairish promise of barley straw, but  
the ears look rusty and slim :  
I suppose God intends to remind us thus that  
something depends on him.

God neither progresses nor changes, dear, as I  
once heard you rashly say :  
Men's schools and philosophies come and go,  
but his word doth not pass away.  
We worship him here as we did of old, with  
simple and reverent rite :  
In the morning we pray him to bless our work,  
to forgive our transgressions at night.  
To keep his commandments, to fear his name,  
and what should be done, to do, —  
That's the beginning of wisdom still ; I sus-  
pect 'tis the end of it too.

You must see the new-fangled machines at  
work, that harrow, and thresh, and reap ;  
They're wonderful quick, there's no mistake,  
and they say in the end they're cheap.  
But they make such a clatter, and seem to  
bring the rule of the town to the fields :  
There's something more precious in country  
life than the balance of wealth it yields.  
But that seems going ; I'm sure I hope that I  
shall be gone before :  
Better poor sweet silence of rural toil than the  
factory's opulent roar.

They're a mighty saving of labor, though ; so  
at least I hear them tell,  
Making fewer hands and fewer mouths, but  
fewer hearts as well :  
They sweep up so close that there's nothing  
left for widows and bairns to glean ;  
If machines are growing like men, man seems  
to be growing a half machine.  
There's no friendliness left ; the only tie is the  
wage upon Saturday nights :  
Right used to mean duty ; you'll find that now  
there's no duty, but only rights.

Still stick to your duty, my dear, and then  
things cannot go much amiss.  
What made folks happy in bygone times, will  
make them happy in this.  
There's little that's called amusement, here ;  
but why should the old joys pall ?  
Has the blackbird ceased to sing loud in  
spring ? Has the cuckoo forgotten to  
call ?  
Are bleating voices no longer heard when the  
cherry-blossoms swarm ?  
And have home, and children, and fireside lost  
one gleam of their ancient charm ?

Come, let us go round ; to the farmyard first,  
with its litter of fresh-strewn straw,  
Past the ash-tree dell, round whose branching  
tops the young rooks wheel and caw ;  
Through the ten-acre mead that was mown  
the first, and looks well for aftermath.  
Then round by the beans — I shall tire by  
then, — and home up the garden path,  
Where the peonies hang their blushing heads,  
where the larkspur laughs from its stalk —  
With my stick and your arm I can manage.  
But see ! There, Connie comes up the  
walk.

ALFRED AUSTIN.